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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and twenty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, concise and valuable. It is a household companion. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hull, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 16, Knights of Macedonia, Charles D. Dudley, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 877, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, Alexander Nicol, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnstone, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 767, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Pecker, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McLutosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George E. Swan, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder; meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

MALIBOX LODGE, No. 33, N. E. O. P., T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REARWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 3, U. R. K. of P., St. Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gordon, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

The Sporting Park.

One of the efforts of the Progress Committee was directed toward the establishing of a sporting park for Newport and the ground that was tentatively selected for the site was on the Badlow lands. It was hoped to interest Col. Felix R. Wendelschaefer, manager of the Providence Opera House, in the project. On Tuesday of this week Col. Wendelschaefer paid a visit to Newport and went over the ground with some of the prominent men of the city. There were some advantages to the location that appealed to him but he evidently thought that these would be more than offset by the great cost of draining the land and putting it into proper condition. At the time of his visit the land was overgrown and skirting thereon was excellent. It is not impossible that Col. Wendelschaefer may still take an interest in the proposed park and may lend his aid in carrying the project through if a suit able site can be found.

Washington Commandery.

The annual convocation of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, was held on Wednesday evening. Eminent Sir Robert S. Franklin presided at the election of the officers, which resulted as follows:

Enlightened Commander—Joseph Haire, Georgetown—William H. Waldron, Captain General—George C. Lawton, President—E. J. Foster, S. Franklin, Senior Warden—Elliott A. Stinson, Junior Warden—Robert W. Curry, Treasurer—William J. Cozzens, Recorder—E. David Stevens.

The commander-elect was not present at the meeting owing to his absence from the city, so the installation was postponed until his return. He will also announce the appointive officers later. After the election of officers, the retiring commander, William H. Langley was presented with a handsome past commander's jewel, the presentation speech being made by E. Sir Robert S. Franklin, to which Mr. Langley fittingly responded.

There will be a test of a new electric battery for automobiles in this city today (Saturday). An attempt will be made to make the run from Newport to Fall River with electric automobiles without replenishing the power along the way. Those interested in the project say that if this test is successful there is a fortune in it for the inventor.

John Hussey, a driver in the employ of the Arctic Ice Company, met with a serious and very painful accident on Friday. While getting a load of coal at the Reynolds coal yard he was thrown backwards off his wagon, striking on his back. He was carried to his home where he suffered great agony.

Newport Arrested.

Julius S. Chappelle, formerly of this city, is held by the New York police at the request of the police of Providence, on a charge of embezzlement of a large sum of money from Miss Winterbotham of Providence. He is willing to come to this state without requisition papers but this the New York police will not allow.

Chappelle was born in this city and lived here until a few years ago. He was for a time employed as conductor on the Newport Street Railway and afterward was in the ticket office of the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company. He is married, his wife being a member of a well known New Bedford family. It is charged by the police that he obtained from Miss Winterbotham, who is an aged woman, large sums of money to invest and that she never received any return from the investment.

Chappelle was taken back to Providence on Thursday and in the sixth district court he was arraigned before Justice William H. Sweetland on a warrant which charged him with embezzling \$18,000 from Virginia Winterbotham, the property coming into his possession through his being the agent, clerk and servant of Virginia Winterbotham.

Chappelle, when brought before Judge Sweetland, was neatly attired in a dark blue serge suit of clothes and a long grey mixed overcoat. He appeared in good spirits and after the warrant had been read and he was asked what he wanted to plead to the charge he replied, "I am guilty."

On hearing this Justice Sweetland said: "You fully understand this warrant and the charge against you, and want to plead guilty? There is no misunderstanding in this matter?"

Chappelle replied that he fully understood and that guilty was the plea which he desired to enter.

Justice Sweetland thereupon adjudged him probably guilty and bound him over to the next session of the grand jury under \$20,000 bonds.

Public Installation.

Thursday evening Mathews Lodge, No. 33, N. E. O. P., had its public installation of officers at its lodge room in Mercury Hall. The officers were installed by District Deputy Grand Warden John A. Huslam, accompanied by Grand Warden David F. Sherwood and Acting Grand Guide Benjamin J. Stone. Addresses were made by the grand officers. The Young Ladies' Mandolin Club, under the direction of Mr. Lewis Good, and the Y. M. C. A. Mandolin Club rendered selections during the evening, and were heartily applauded. The several recitations by Miss Sarah Schröder were excellently done and were thoroughly appreciated by the audience. A collation was served, and the ladies were treated to candy and the men to cigars.

The affair was a marked social success and a thoroughly good time was enjoyed by all those present.

It has been announced that Mr. George A. Weaver will retire from the management of the hardware business of the George A. Weaver Company, and that the large Weaver building on Broadway will be made over into a modern hotel for permanent business. Plans have already been drawn and it is believed that the necessary alterations can be made at a reasonable expense. Mr. Weaver's health has not been good for a number of years and he feels that it is best for him to withdraw from the cares that the management of his large business entails.

Mr. Howard G. Milne, son of Councilman and Mrs. William O. Milne, has received an honorable discharge from the service of the United States as hospital apprentice in the navy. He has served his full enlistment of four years, nearly three of which he has spent at sea, on United States cruiser Detroit. Considerable time was spent in West Indian and South Atlantic waters, and a trip around Cape Horn was one of the pleasures of his voyage.

Chaplain C. N. Charlton, U. S. N., gave an illustrated lecture on Japan at the Unity Club on Tuesday evening. The topic was "Manners and Customs of Japan," a subject with which the speaker was thoroughly familiar. The lecture was illustrated from photographs taken by the Chaplain, and the lantern slides had been beautifully colored by native Japanese workmen. The views were very pleasing as well as the lecture.

On Saturday of last week Captain Albert C. Bennett celebrated the ninety-first anniversary of his birth at his home in Bristol. Captain Bennett is a Newporter, but has resided in Bristol for many years. For over 40 years he followed the sea and can relate many interesting stories of his travels, which included trips to all parts of the world. He is enjoying remarkable health for his years.

Industrial Trust Company.

The following were elected directors of the Industrial Trust Company at its annual meeting held in Providence Tuesday afternoon: Samuel P. Colt, Olney T. Inman, George Peabody Wetmore, William R. Dupee, Warren O. Arnold, Richard A. Robertson, Joshua M. Addeman, W. T. C. Wardwell, James M. Scott, William H. Perry, Arthur L. Kelley, H. Martin Brown, Frederick Tompkins, Levi P. Morton, James Stillman, George F. Baker, Richard A. McCurdy, G. G. Haven, Thomas F. Ryan, Henry A. C. Taylor, George M. Thornton, George H. Norman, Cyrus P. Brown, Elbridge T. Gerry, Jacob H. Schiff, Richard S. Howland, Charles C. Harrington, Joseph Davol, Louis H. Comstock, Herbert N. Fenner, J. Milton Payne and Eben N. Littlefield.

Samuel P. Colt was re-elected president of the company and Joshua M. Addeman vice-president.

Funeral of E. G. Young.

The funeral of the late Enoch G. Young, who died at the residence of his son, George L. Young, in Providence on Thursday of last week, was held at the residence of Mr. W. J. O. Young in this city on Sunday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. F. L. Streeter of the Thames Street M. E. Church officiated. A delegation of Rhode Island and Lodge of Odd Fellows was present and conducted the ritual of the order. The interment was in the Old Cemetery. The bearers were William J. O. Young, George L. and Albert C. Young, and John Anthony, the first three being sons of the deceased.

Mr. Young had a wide acquaintance among old Newporters and was highly esteemed by all. He was a man of quick intelligence, with a ready grasp of municipal affairs. During his five years as member of the common council, and one year as president, he proved that he was thoroughly conversant with the city's interests.

Mr. Harvey Grosvenor Forbes Curtiss died at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, on Wednesday of last week in his forty-seventh year. Mr. Curtiss was well known in Newport, having married Miss Louise Cutter Francis, daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Ward Francis, a little less than two years ago, their wedding taking place at West Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. Curtiss is a niece of Dr. V. Mott Francis of this city.

Eureka Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Portsmouth worked the third degree on a number of candidates Tuesday evening, and about eighty members of the two Newport lodges went out in a special car on the Providence road to visit the lodge. Eureka Lodge entertained the visitors at supper and a very pleasant social time followed.

Miss Nancy Gardner, a resident of this city, died in Boston the past week. Miss Gardner was the daughter of the late S. Fowler Gardner, who, it will be remembered by the older inhabitants, lost his life in the first Ocean House fire. Miss Gardner's body was brought here for interment.

Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard died suddenly at her New York residence on Tuesday. She was a daughter of Colonel William E. Prince, U. S. A., and a niece of ex-Mayor Prince of Boston. Her husband was formerly a commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

The ice men have done some cutting this week. The Arctic Ice Company has cut some ice both at Easton's Pond and Lily Pond. All the smaller concerns have been cutting for some time. The skating has been very good until the warm weather softened up the surface.

At the public meeting in the Builders and Merchants Exchange last week a committee was appointed to prepare plans for a permanent organization. This committee reported at a meeting held last evening.

State Deputy Matthew J. Cummings installed the officers of Newport Council, Knights of Columbus, Tuesday evening.

The water pipes to the Torpedo Station were frozen this week and there was a shortage of water until they were thawed out.

Mr. Alfred Wilson of New Bedford, Mass., was in town the past week and visited many of his old Newport friends.

Mr. James D. Hilder and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Weaver are at Hot Springs, Ark., on a vacation.

Mr. William J. Chambers and Miss May Roman will be married on Wednesday, February 1st.

Mr. William R. Hunter has been suffering from an attack of the grip.

Mr. Herman Welner is ill at his home on Prospect Hill street.

General Assembly.

The General Assembly has not transacted a great deal of business this week, the one matter of real importance being the re-election of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich for a further term of six years. In the Senate on Tuesday Senator Stinson nominated Nelson W. Aldrich for the term of six years, and he received 31 votes to 5 for George W. Greene of Woonsocket. In the House, Mr. Harris of Smithfield made the nomination speech. The vote stood 61 to 7. On Wednesday the two bodies met in joint assembly and Governor Utter made the formal announcement of the election of Senator Aldrich.

There was no other business of importance on Wednesday. On Thursday an act was introduced in the Senate making the term of a sheriff's year instead of one, and increasing the pay of all sheriffs except in Providence county to \$800. In the House Mr. Clarke of Newport introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of goods in bulk to fraud of creditors.

Recent Deaths.

Mr. George Jelly.

Mr. George Jelly died at Block Island on Saturday after an illness of about two weeks. Captain Jelly was well known in Newport where he had spent the greater part of his time since the death of his wife a few years ago. He was an expert fish buyer and was engaged in that business here and elsewhere. During his younger days he followed the sea for a time, being engaged in the coasting trade and also in fishing. He conducted the Hartford House on Block Island for a number of seasons. He had a wide acquaintance both in Newport and Block Island and was held in high esteem by those who knew him. He was a prominent member of the Odd Fellows, being a Past Grand of Neptune Lodge of Block Island.

High Sheriff James Anthony of Newport County has appointed Mr. Frank P. King a deputy sheriff and keeper of the Newport County Jail, vice Hugh N. Gifford who has been keeper of the jail since the new structure was built. Mr. King is one of the best known of the younger men of Newport, having been for many years adjutant of the Newport Artillery Company. He is at present junior of the Cranston school, and his new appointment will cause a vacancy, to be filled by the school committee.

Rev. Ernest G. Dennen, assistant rector of Trinity Church, has received a call from the vestry of St. Stephen's Church at Lynn, Mass., to become rector of that church. The pulpit has been vacant since last May, when the rector, Rev. C. H. Armory, died.

The condition of Hon. John H. Crosby is not as encouraging as his friends had hoped it would be by this time. He is allowed to see no one but the members of his immediate family.

Mrs. C. E. L. Noyes, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Stephen B. Luce, sailed for Porto Rico on Saturday of last week to visit her son, Mr. Robert Noyes, who is engaged in business there.

Among the guests at the dinner given in Washington by President and Mrs. Roosevelt to the members of the diplomatic corps were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Mr. Alfred Schreier has been on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Schreier, previous to his departure for Kansas City, where he will engage in business.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Florida Hubbard, of Washington, to Mr. Carl Jurgens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jurgens of this city.

Mrs. Annie Riley, formerly of this city, died at her residence in New York on Monday. The body was brought to Newport for interment.

Miss Catherine Coggeshall, who has been confined to her home for some time by illness, is slowly improving.

The members of the Newport County Club will give a members' night in the club rooms next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson have gone to New York to attend the automobile show.

Alderman Kelley has recovered from his recent illness and is able to attend to his business.

Colonel Thomas J. Pierce, town clerk of Wickford, R. I., was in town the past week.

Tomorrow, Sunday, the Walter Lowrie Club will hold a service at the city asylum.

Colonel Dalton E. Young is able to be out after his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster have gone to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah K. Sullivan are visiting in New York.

Supreme Court.

The common pleas division of the supreme court opened its January session in this city on Monday, Judge John T. Blodgett presiding. The grand jury was empanelled with Hon. Melville Bull as foreman, and retired to consider the cases presented by the Assistant Attorney General.

The docket was called and many continuances were entered. The two cases set for the first day of this session were both continued—the criminal case against Edward M. Sullivan, who was defended by the late Charles W. Crandall, being continued to the next session, and the Angell will case until January 30. It is regarded as doubtful though, if that case will come to trial at this session.

The grand jury reported an indictment against Gerolamo Leva for assault with razor, and against George Hoskers of Tiverton for assault with a razor. Both pleaded not guilty and were held in \$500 for trial next Monday.

On Tuesday the case of Richard C. Derby vs. Job A. Peckham, a suit for commission on the sale of the Swinburne, Peckham & Co. wharf, was in order for trial, but was marked settled. The case of State vs. William Yates was called. Yates was a chauffeur for Peter D. Martin and in the district court had been sentenced to five days in jail for overspeeding, from which he had appealed. Judge Blodgett imposed the same sentence and suggested that the employer might be proceeded against instead of the chauffeur.

The case for trial on Wednesday was John E. J. O'Connor vs. Thomas B. Wilkins, but this was settled without a trial. The Portsmouth damages by the Newport & Providence Railroad were then taken up and Col. Sheffield asked for decrees. There was no objection by Mr. Burdick, attorney for the railway company, and the decrees will issue. The awards of the commissioners will bear interest from the time the bonds were filed. The amounts of the awards are as follows:

In No. 1841—To Sarah E. Thurston, \$1200; to Thomas and William E. Coggeshall, \$1600 (\$800 each); to Addie B. Hall, \$250; to Marian Priscilla Hall and Herbert Francis Hall, \$665 (\$332.50 each).

In No. 1841—To Emily M. Cornell, \$200; to Alvin Cornell, Charles Hall and Abbie B. Hall, \$1,000 (\$333.33 each).

In No. 1818—To Israel H. Orswell, \$225; to Atwell F. Hedley, \$1,000; to Henry Hedley, \$650; to Armand Sutton, —; to Jacob Maiz, \$29.25; to his children, each, \$10.86; to John L. C. Harrington, \$550; to estate of Isaac Burden, \$1,000; to John Hedley, \$500; to Henry Anthony, \$150; to Perry Chase, \$250; to John W. Franklin, \$250; to John F. Chase, \$1,450; to William Mott, \$800; to Eliah L. Tallman, \$500.

As there was no more business the court adjourned on Wednesday until Monday of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ackers celebrated their golden wedding on Friday from 2 until 10 o'clock at their home on Broadway. Mr. Ackers was a member of the Newport police force from 1872 until he was retired in 1898.

Mr. George H. Norman has arrived from the South.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

William E. Brightman has rented for Charles Reeves his cottage at 30 Webster street, to Mr. Peterson.

Election of Officers.

Firmen's Relief Association
President—Chief Engineer Andrew J. Kirwin.
Vice President—Assistant Engineer Edward Dowling.
Secretary—Charles T. Bliss.
Treasurer—Frank G. Scott.
Relief Committee—Joseph S. Lawton, from the firmen; George H. Kirby, engine company No. 1; A. Barker, engine company No. 2; William H. Maber, engine company No. 3; Frank S. Patterson, engine company No. 4; George W. Tilly, engine company No. 5; Patrick Connelley, engine company No. 6; John W. Kirby, engine company No. 7; Walter Dennis, engine company No. 8; Walter Dennis, engine company No. 9; E. M. Harrington, Jr., engine company No. 10; George H. Wilbur, Jr., emergency company No. 11.

Newport Medical Society.
President—C. F. Barker, M. D.
Vice President—V. Mott Francis, M. D.
Secretary—Charles T. Bliss, M. D.
Treasurer—D. P. A. Jacobs, M. D.
Censor—H. J. Knapp, M. D.
Librarian—W. S. Sherman, M. D.
Committee—Max Levy of Newport, M. D.; S. P. Cottrell, M. D.; W. S. Sherman, M. D.

The Wyoming-Colorado Oil Company.
President—Henry C. Anthony.
Vice President—Edward U. Riggs.
Secretary—Simon Hazard.
Treasurer—Robert C. Bucheller.
Committee—Max Levy of Newport, M. D.; W. C. Hanson of Boulder, Superintendent—J. H. Ransom.

Business Men's Association.
President—William F. Sheffield, Jr.
Vice President—Th. Phipps, T. Pitman, John D. Crosby, Benjamin H. Sherman, Secretary—William J. Cozzens.
Treasurer—John S. Coggeshall.
Executive Committee—Joseph M. Milne, H. Berman, Charles C. Gardner.
Abstention Committee—G. Norman Weaver, Charles Burdick, Angus McLeod, Joseph E. Tutton.

Newport Military Band.
President—A. Livingston Muxon.
Vice President—Charles Phipps.
Secretary—Ray Channing Groff.
Treasurer—H. C. Chubb.
Manager—M. C. Callahan.
Janitor—George Stevens.
Director—William G. Giam.
Music Committee—D. A. Rowe, W. H. Giam.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE—The regular session of the Court of Probate was held on Monday, and the following probate business was transacted.

ESTATE OF EDWARD N. BLISS—Martha C. Bliss, Guardian, presents an inventory thereof, which is allowed and ordered recorded.

ESTATE OF ELISHA W. WILLARD—Upon the petition of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, will is proved and passed for record. The petitioner is granted letters testamentary without bond. For appraisers Albert Babcock's, William Binney, Jr., and Walter K. Sturges, all of the city of Providence are appointed.

ESTATE OF JULIA M. HOWLAND—Will is offered for Probate by Carrie L. Peckham, who is named as executrix and her petition for letters testamentary is referred to the third Monday of February with an order of notice.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. ANTHONY—Petition of Abraham Anthony, Mary Anthony and Annie E. Sherman for the appointment of Albert A. Anthony as Administrator is continued to the February Court and notice thereof ordered published.

In the Town Council orders on the dog fund were granted to William Bailey and Peter A. Underwood for dogs destroyed by dogs. Mr. Bailey's loss comprised 54 dogs and his appraisal of damages amounted to \$53.40. Mr. Underwood was minus 35 dogs and his damages had been estimated to be \$27.80.

Orders on the town treasury were granted as follows: For highway work James H. Barker, \$66.60; Charles A. Peckham, \$118.00; for shovelling snow John H. Spooner, \$108.65; C. Henry Congdon, \$199.30; James H. Barker, \$190.00; Charles A. Peckham, \$197.15; Lionel H. Peabody, \$5.40; for repairs to pump near the junction of Paradise and Green End Avenues, John F. Peabody, \$4.10; for services as Commissioner on the Stone Bridge at Howland's Ferry, Edward A. Brown, \$30.00; for bounty due for killing skunks, John D. Blair, \$5.00; for pipe attached to chimney of the office of Town Clerk, William K. Corvill, \$6.44; for relief of the poor, \$26.00; total, \$958.84.

MORR JURORS SUMMONED—The performance of jury duty by the average citizen of Middletown apparently grows more irksome and incongruous. Of the four petit jurors summoned for duty last Monday, one got excused for the week and the other three were unwilling to serve longer than one week. For next Monday three more have been summoned and comprise Daniel A. Peckham, Willard B. Chase and Daniel A. Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Albro are entertaining their son, Mr. Lester Albro of New York, who is at home for a short visit.

The bay is frozen over along Sacoquet river from Black Point to Stone Bridge.

Miss Orrel Peabody is with her aunt, Mrs. George A. Brown, in Portsmouth, who is just recovering from an attack of the grip.

Mrs. Sidney Johnson and children, who left for the south, in the fall, have recently returned from Georgia to their home on Aquidneck avenue.

A pleasant social was held afternoon and evening at the church vestry Wednesday, by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Recent news from Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham stated that she expected to remain at Eastis, Florida, until April.

The Wednesday meeting of the Paradise Club was held in the interests of education, the topics being "An Innovation in Modern Education," "New Methods of Teaching," and "Massachusetts Model School in Georgia." The Club was entertained by Mrs. Howard K. Peckham, Aquidneck avenue.

Mr. Ernst Voigt lost 58 chickens during Monday night by the depredations of dogs. Mr. William Bailey and Mr. P. A. Underwood, also in the same neighborhood, have suffered in a similar manner, Mr. Bailey losing 52.

Mr. Harry E. Peckham has filled his ice house with ice eight inches thick and of fine quality, from Hillside farm pond as has also Mr. James H. Barker of Paradise Avenue. The ice on the southern portion of the pond has been very little cut into as yet and offers a fine field for skating. Re-ervoir pond, among the Hanging Rocks, also offers fine facilities for skating and is well patronized by the hockey teams from St. George's school.

Mr. William H. Hunter was obliged to give up his weekly whist party, Monday evening, owing to an attack of the grip.

Mr. Edward Sturtevant is planning to make extensive improvements and put on an addition to his cottage at Gray Craig Park, early in February.

Nearly two weeks have been consumed in removing two large maple trees from the One Mile Corner to Narragansett Avenue by way of the Middletown and Newport Boulevard, this route presumably being taken to avoid the telegraph poles. The two trees, roots and dirt, were estimated by Priest, their mover, to weigh between 15 and 20 tons apiece.

Work upon the Madam Bonnet cottage at Stony Brook Ferry has progressed very slowly, the stone chosen being a great ledge of rock which has required a large amount of drilling and blasting to remove. The site for the stoops has been staked out and several foundations erected.

Jamestown.

Mr. John Chidding is confined to his home by illness.

Mrs. N. S. Littlefield is ill with the grip.

Mrs. Susie Brooks, who has been confined to her home by a severe cold, is improving.

Mr. William Allen is out after his recent illness.

Under the Rose

By **FREDERIC S. ISHAM,**
Author of "The Strollers"

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CHAPTER XI.

BETWEEN Callette and the duke's jester had arisen one of those friendships which spring more from similitude than likeness, an amity of which each had been unconscious in its inception, but which had gradually grown into a sentiment of comradeship. Callette was of noble mien, graceful manner and elegant address, a soldier by preference, a jester against his will, forced to the office by the nobleman who had cared for and educated him. In the duke's fool he had found his other self, a man who, like himself, lent dignity to the gentle art of jesting.

Moreover, Callette experienced a superior sadness, sifted through years of festivity and gloom, beginning when Diane was led to the altar by the grand senechal of Normandy, that threw an actual, albeit cynical, interest about the love tragedy of the duke's fool which the other divined and, from his own past heart throbs, understood. The pleasant to the princess' betrothal, Callette would have sworn, was of gentle birth. His face, manner and bearing proclaimed it. He was also a scholar and a poet. His courage, which Callette divined, fitted him for the higher office of arms. Certainly he became an interesting companion, and the French jester sought his company on every occasion. And this fellowship or intimacy which he courted was destined to send Callette forth on a strange and adventuresome mission.

The day following the return of the duke's fool to the castle, Francis, who early in his reign had sought to model his life after the chivalrous romances, inaugurated a splendid and pompous tournament.

The king rode from the castle under a pavilion of cloth of gold and purple velvet, with the letters F and R boldly outlined, followed by ladies and courtiers, pages and attendants. Amid the shouts and huzzas of the people the monarch and his retinue took their places in the center of the stand, the royal box hung with ornate brocades and trimmings.

In an inclosure of white next to that of the king were seated the lady of the tournament, the Princess Louise, and her maids of honor, arrayed all in snowy garb, and against the garish brilliancy of the general background, a pompous pageantry of colors, the decoration of this dainty nook shone in silvery contrast. A garland of flowers was the only crown the lady wore.

Behind her, motionless as a statue, with face that looked paler and lips the redder and hair the blacker, stood the maid Jacqueline. If the casual glance saw first the blond head, the creamy arms and sunny blue eyes of the princess, it was apt to linger with almost a start of wonder upon the striking figure of the jestress, a nocturnal touch in a pearly picture.

"On my word, there's a decorative creature for any lord to have in his household," murmured the aged chancellor of the kingdom, sitting near the monarch. "Who is she?"

"A beggar's brat Francis found here when he took the castle," replied the beribboned spark addressed. "You know the story?"

"Yes," said the white haired diplomat half sadly. "This castle once belonged to the great constable of Du Brois. When he fell from favor the king besieged him. The constable fled and died in Spain. That much of course, I and the world know. But the girl—"

"When our victorious monarch took possession of this ancient pile," ex-

Esprit or Coeur Loyal. Bon Vouloir upon this popular demonstration reined his steed and, removing his head covering, bowed reverently to the king and his suit, deeply to the lady of the tournament and her retinue and carelessly to the vociferous multitude, after which he retired to a large tent of crimson and gold set apart for his convenience and pleasure.

From the purple box the monarch had nodded graciously, and from the silver bower the lady had smiled softly, so that the duke had no reason for dissatisfaction. The attitude of the crowd was of small moment, an unimportant accompaniment to the potent pantomime, of which the principal figures were Francis, the King Arthur of Europe, and the princess, queen of beauty's unbounded realm.

In front of the duke's pavilion was hung his shield, and by its side stood his squire, fancifully dressed in rich colors.

Near the duke's pavilion, to the right, had been pitched a commodious tent of yellow material, with ropes of the same color and a fool's cap crowning the pole in place of the customary banner. Over the entrance were suspended the jester's gilded wand and a staff, from which hung a blown bladder. Here were quartered the court jesters whom Francis had commanded to be fittingly attired for the lists and to take part in the general combat.

At the entrance of the pavilion stood Callette, who had watched the passing of Bon Vouloir and now was gazing upward into a sea of faces from whence came a hum of voices like the buzzing of unnumbered bees.

"Certain," he commented, "the king makes much of this unmanly, lumpy, beer drinking noble who is going to wad the princess."

"Callette," said the low voice of the duke's jester at his elbow, "would you see a woman undone?"

"Why, mon ami," lightly answered the French fool, "who is the woman?"

"The Princess Louise!"

Callette glanced from the place where he stood to the center of the stand and the white bower, inclining from which was a woman, haughty, fair, beautiful, one whose face attracted the attention of the multitude and who seemed not unhappy in being thus scrutinized and admired. Shaking his head slowly, the court poet dropped his eyes and studied the sand at his feet.

"She looks not wronged," he said dryly. "She appears to enjoy her triumphs."

"And yet, Callette, 'tis all a farce," answered the duke's jester.

"So have I thought—on other occasions."

And again his gaze flew upward, not, however, to the lady whom Francis had gallantly chosen for queen of beauty, but, despite his alleged cynicism, to a corner of the king's own box, where sat she who had once been a laughing maid by his side and with whom he had played that diverting pastoral called "First Love." It was only an instant's return into the farcical but joyous past, and a moment later he was sharply recalled into the arid present by the words of his companion.

"The man the Princess Louise is going to marry is no more Robert, the duke of Friedwald, than you are!" exclaimed the foreign fool. "He is Louis of Pfalz-Urfeld, the so called free baron of Hochfels. His castle commands the road between the true duke and Francis' domains. He made himself master of all the correspondence, conceived the plan to come here himself, and intends to carry off the true lord's bride. Indeed, in private he has acknowledged it all to me, and, failing to corrupt me to his service, last night set an assassin to kill me."

His listener, with folded arms and attentive mien, kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the narrator as if he doubted the evidence of his senses. Without the marshals had taken their places in the lists, and another stentorian dissonance greeted these officers of the field from the good humored gathering, which, basking in the anticipation of the feast they knew would follow the pageantry, clapped their hands and flung up their caps at the least provocation for rejoicing. Upon the two jesters this scene of jubilation was lost, Callette merely bending closer to the other, with:

"But why have you not denounced him to the king?"

"Because of my foolhardiness in tacitly accepting at first this freebooter as my master."

Callette shot a keen glance at the other and smiled. His eyes said: "Foolhardiness! Was it not rather some other emotion? Had not the princess leaned more than graciously toward her betrothed and—"

"I thought him but some flimsy adventurer," went on the duke's fool hastily, "and told myself I would see the play played out, holding the key to the situation and—"

"You underestimated him?"

"Exactly. His plans were cunningly laid, and now—who am I that the king should listen to me? At best, if I denounce him, they would probably consider it a bit of pleasantry or—madness."

"Yes," reluctantly assented Callette, Triboulet's words, "a fool in love with the princess!" recurring to him, "it would be undoubtedly even as you say."

The duke's jester looked down thoughtfully. He had only half expressed to the French plainsman the doubts which had assailed him since his interview with Louis of Hochfels. Who could read the minds of monarchs, the motives actuating them? Should he be able to convince Francis of the deception practiced upon him, was it altogether unlikely that the king

might not be brought to condone the offense for the sake of an alliance with the Louis of Pfalz-Urfeld and the other unquenchable free barons of the Austrian border against Charles himself?

The voice of Callette broke in upon his thoughts. "You will not, then, attempt to denounce him?"

"The fool hesitated. 'Alone—out of favor with the king, I like not to risk the outcome—but—if I may depend upon you—'

"Did ever friend refuse such a call?" exclaimed Callette promptly. A quick glance of gratitude flashed from the other's eyes.

"There is one flaw in the free baron's position," resumed the duke's fool more confidently. "A fatal one 'twill prove if it is possible to carry out my plans. He thinks the emperor is in Austria, and his followers guard the road through the mountains. He tells himself not only are the emperor and the Duke of Friedwald too far distant to hear of the pretender and interfere with the nuptials, but that he obviates even the contingency of their learning of that matter at all by controlling the way through which the messengers must go. Thus rests he in double security—but an imaginary one."

"What mean you?" asked Callette attentively, from his manner giving fuller credence to the extraordinary news he had just learned.

"That Charles, the emperor, is not in Austria, but in Aragon, at Saragossa, where he can be reached in time to prevent the marriage. Just before my leaving, the emperor, to my certain knowledge, secretly departed for Spain on matters pertaining to the governing of Aragon. Charles plays a deep game in the affairs of Europe, though he works ever silently and unobtrusively. Is he not always beforehand with your king? When Francis was preparing the gorgeous Field of the Cloth of Gold for his English brother, did not Charles quietly leave for the little Isle and there, without beat of drum, arrange his own affairs before Henry was even seen by your pleasure loving monarch? Yes; to the impostor and to Francis, Charles is in Austria; to us—for now you share my secret—is he in Spain, where by swift riding he may be found and yet interdict in this matter."

"Then why haven't you ere this fled to the emperor with the news?"

"Last night I had determined to get away, when first I was assaulted by an assassin of the impostor and next detained by his troop and brought back to the castle. I had even left on foot, trusting to excite less suspicion, and hoping to find a horse on the way, but fortune was with the pretender. So here am I, closely watched and waiting," he added grimly.

The indifference faded from Callette's face and almost a boyish enthusiasm shone in his eyes.

"Mon ami, I'll do it!" he exclaimed lightly. "I'll ride to the emperor for you."

Silently the jester of the duke wrung his hand. "I've long sighed for an adventure," laughed Callette, "and here is the opportunity. Callette, a knight errant! But," his face falling, "the emperor will look on me as a madman."

"Nay," replied the duke's plainsman, "here is a letter. When he reads it he will at least think the affair worth consideration. He knows me and trusts my fidelity and will be assured I would not jest on such a serious matter. Believe me, he will receive you as more than a madman."

"Why, then, 'twill be a rare adventure," commented the other, "wandering in the country—the beautiful country, where I was reared—away from the madness of courts. Already I hear the wanton breezes sighing in Supplic softness and the forests' elegiac murmur. Tell me, how shall I ride?"

"As a knight to the border, thence onward as a minstrel. In Spain there's always a welcome for a blithe singer."

"'Tis fortunate I learned some Spanish love songs from a fair senora who was in Charles' retinue the time he visited Francis," added Callette. "An I should fail?" he continued more gravely.

"You will not fail," was the confident reply.

"I am of your mind, but things will happen—sometimes. And why do you not speak to the princess herself—to warn her?"

"Speak to her!" repeated the duke's jester, a shadow on his brow. "When he has appealed to her, perhaps—when—" He broke off abruptly. His tone was proud, in his eyes a look which Callette afterward understood. As it was, the latter nodded his head wisely.

"A woman whose fancy is touched is—what she is," he commented generally. "Truly it would be a more thankless task even than approaching the king. But, look you, there's another channel to the princess' mind, yonder black browed maid, our ally in motley—when she chooses to wear it—Jacqueline."

"She likes me not," returned the fool. "Would she believe me in such an important matter?"

"I'm afraid not," tranquilly replied Callette, "in view of the improbability of your tale and the undoubted evidences held by this pretender. For my part, to look at the fellow was almost enough. But to the ladies his brutality signifies strength and power and his uncouthness originality and genius. We are fools, you and I, and love, my friend, is but broad farce at the best."

Even as he spoke thus, however, from the lists came the voices of the well instructed heralds, secretaries of the occasion, who had delved deeply into the practices of the merry and ancient pastime: "Love of ladies! For you and glory! Chivalry but fights for love! Look down, fair eyes!" a peroration of silver from the galleries above and which the gorgeously dressed officials readily unbent to gather. Among the fair hands which rewarded this perfunctory apostrophe to the tender passion none was more lavish in offerings than those matrons and maids in the vicinity of the king. A satirical smile again marred Callette's face, but he kept his reflections to himself, reverting to the business of the moment.

"I should be off at once!" he cried. "But what can we do? The king hath commanded all the jesters to appear in the tournament today, properly armed and armored, the better to make sport of the knights. Here am I bound to shine on horseback, willy nilly. Yet this matter of yours is pressing. Stay! I have it. I can even fall from my horse, by a ruse, retire from the field and fly southward."

"Then will I wish you godspeed now," said the duke's fool. "Never was a stunner heart than thine, Callette, or a truer friend."

"One word," returned the other, not without a trace of feeling which even his cynicism could not hide. "Beware of the false duke in the arena! It will be his opportunity to—"

"I understand," answered the duke's fool, again warmly pressing Callette's hand, "but with the knowledge you are fleeing to Spain I have no fear for the future. If we meet not after today—"

"Why, life's but a span, and our friendship has been short, but sweet," added the other.

Now without sounded a flourish of trumpets, and every glance was expectantly down turned from the crowded stand, as with a clatter of hoofs and waving of plumes Francis' young chivalry dashed into the lists, divided into two parties, took their respective places and, at a signal from the marshals, started impetuously against one another.

CHAPTER XII.

IN that first "joyous and gentle passage of arms," wherein the weapons were those of courtesy, their points covered with small disks, several knights broke their lances fairly, two horsemen of the side wearing red plumes became unseated, and their opponents, designated as the "white plumes," swept on intact.

"Well done," commented the king from his high tribunal as the squire and attendants began to clear the lists, assisting the fallen belligerents to their tents. "We shall have another such memorable field as that of Ashby-de-la-Zouch."

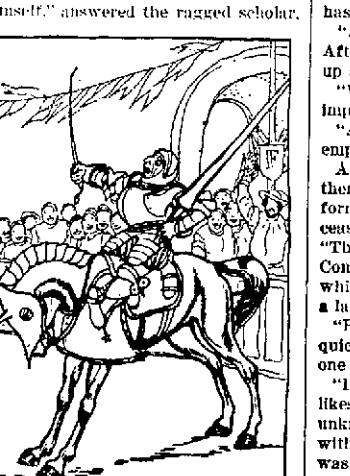
Event followed event, and those court ladies who at first had professed their nerves were weaker than their foremothers' now watched the arena with sparkling eyes, no longer turning away at the thrilling moment of contact. Taking their cue from the king, they were lavish in praise and generous in approval, and at an unusual exhibition of skill the stand grew bright with waving scarfs and handkerchiefs. Simultaneous with such an animated demonstration from the galleries would come a roar of approval from the peasantry below, crowded where best they could find places, bespeaking for their part likewise an increasing lust for the stirring pastime.

In truth the only dissatisfied onlookers were the quick flung spotters and rovers who, packed as close as dried dates in a basket by the irresistible forward press of the people, found themselves suddenly occupationless, without power to move their arms or ply their hands.

"Ha," muttered the scamp student to his good spouse, "here are all the jolly boys huddled to their necks, like prisoners buried in the sand by the Arabs!"

"Tush!" she whispered warningly. "See you yonder the duke's fool. He wears the arms of Charles, the emperor."

"And there's the Duke of Friedwald himself," answered the ragged scholar.



"Ho, ho! Look at Triboulet!"

"Look! The jesters are going to fight. They have arranged them in two parties. Half of them go with the duke and his knights, the other half with his lordship's opponents."

"But the duke's fool by chance is set against his master," she mumbled significantly.

"Call you it chance?" he said in a low voice, and Nanette nudged him angrily in the side with her elbow so that he cried out, and attention would have been called to them but for a ripple of laughter which started on the edge of the crowd and was taken up by the serrated ranks.

"Ho, ho! Look at Triboulet!" shouted the delighted populace. "Ah, the droll fellow!"

All eyes were now bent to the arena, where, on a powerful nag, sat perched the misshapen jester. With whip and spur he was vehemently plying a horse that stubbornly stood as motionless as carved stone. Thinking at the last moment of a plan for escape from the dangerous features of the tourney, the "blackback" had bribed one of the attendants to fetch him a steel which for sullen obduracy surpassed any charger in the king's stables. Fate, he was called, because nothing could move or change him, and now, with head pushed forward and ears thrust back, he proved himself, beneath the blows and spurring of the seemingly excited rider, worthy of this appellation.

"Go on, Fate! Go on!" exclaimed the apparently angry dwarf. "Will you be balky now, when Triboulet has glory within his grasp? Miserable beast! Unhappy fate! When bright eyes are watching the great Tribou-

let!"

If not destined to score success with his lance, the dwarf at least had won a victory through his comical situation and ready wit. Fair ladies forgot his ugliness, the pages his ill humor, the courtiers his vindictive slyness, the monarch the disappointment of his failure to worst the duke's fool, and all applauded the ludicrous figure, shouting, waving his arms, struggling with inexorable destiny. Finally, in despair, his hands fell to his side.

"Oh, resistless necessity!" he cried. But in his heart he said: "It is well. I am as safe as on a wooden horse. Here I stand. Let others have their heads split or their bodies broken. Triboulet, like the gods, views the carnage from afar."

While this bit of unexpected comedy riveted the attention of the spectators the duke and his followers had slowly ridden to their side of the inclosure. Here hovered the squire, adjusting a stirrup, giving a last turn to a strap or testing a bridle or girth. Behind stood the heralds, trumpeters and pursuivants in their bright garb of office. At his own solicitation had the duke been assigned an active part in the day's entertainment.

The king, fearing for the safety of his guest and the possible postponement of the marriage should any injury befall him, had sought to dissuade him from his purpose, but the other had laughed boisterously at the monarch's fears and sworn he would break a lance for his ladylove that day. Francis, too gallant a knight himself to interpose further objection to an announcement so in keeping with the traditions of the lists, thereupon had ordered the best charger in his stables to be placed at the disposal of the princess' betrothed and again nodded his approbation upon the appearance of the duke in the ring. But at least one person in that vast assemblage was far from sharing the monarch's complaisant mood.

If the mind of the duke's fool had heretofore been filled with bitterness upon witnessing festal honors to a mere presumptuous free baron, what now were his emotions at the reception accorded him? From king to churl was he a gallant noble; he a swaggler, ill born, a terrorist of mountain passes. Even as the irony of the demonstration swept over the jester from above fell a flower white as the box from whence it was wafted. Downward it fluttered, a messenger of amity, like a dove to his gauntlet. And with the favor went a smile from the lady of the lists. But while Bon Vouloir stood there, the symbol in his hand and the applause ringing in his ears, into the tenor of his thoughts, the consciousness of partly gratified ambition, there crept an insinuating warning of danger.

"My lord," said the trooper with the red mustache, riding by the side of his master, "the fool is plotting further mischief."

"What mean you?" asked the free baron, frowning, as he turned toward his side of the field.

"Go slowly, my lord, and I will tell you. I saw the fool and another jester with their heads together," continued the trooper in a low tone. "They were standing in front of the jesters' tent. You bade me watch him. So I entered their pavilion at the back. Making pretext to be looking for a gusset for an armor joint, I made my way near the entrance. There, bending over barbet pieces, I overheard fragments of their conversation. It even bore on four designs."

"A conversation on my designs! He has then dared!"

"All, my lord. A scheming knave! After I had heard enough, I gathered up a skirt of tassets!"

"What did you hear?" said the other impatiently.

"A plan by which he hoped to let the emperor know!"

A loud flourish of trumpets near them interrupted the free baron's informer, and when the clarion tones had ceased it was the master who spoke. "There's time but for a word now. Come to my tent afterward. Meanwhile," he went on hurriedly, "direct a lance at the fool!"

"But, my lord," expostulated the man quickly, "the jesters only are to oppose one another."

"It will pass for an accident. Francis likes him not, and will clear you of unknighly conduct, if—" He finished with a boldly significant look, which was not lost upon his man.

"Even if the laden disk should fall from my lance and leave the point bare?" said the trooper hoarsely.

"Even that!" responded the free baron hastily.

"Laissez-aller!" cried the marshals, giving the signal to begin.

Above, in her white box, the princess turned pale. With bated breath and parted lips she watched the lines sweep forward and, like two great waves meeting, collide with a crash. The dust that arose seemed an all-enveloping mist. Beneath it the figures appeared, vague, undefined, in a maze of uncertainty.

"Oh," exclaimed Louise, striving to penetrate the cloud, "he is victorious!"

"They have killed him!" said Jacqueline, at the same time staring toward another part of the field.

"Killed him? What?" began the princess, now rosy with excitement.

"No; he has won," added the maid in the next breath as a portion of the obscuring mantle was swept aside.

"Of course! Where are your eyes?" rejoined her mistress triumphantly. "The duke is one of the emperor's greatest knights."

"In this case, madam, it is but natural your sight should be better than my own," half mockingly returned the maid.

And in truth the princess was right, for the king's guest, through overwhelming strength and greater momentum, had lightly plucked from his seat a stalwart adversary. Others of his following failed not in the "taint," and horses and troopers foundered in the sand.

As the lines swept together, with the dust rising before, Jacqueline perceived that the duke's trooper had swerved from his course and was bearing down upon the duke's fool.

"Oh," she whispered to herself, "the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Sherman In the Carolinas

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

February 2-11, 1865

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SHERMAN'S advance guard in the march from Savannah across the Carolinas had the first bout with the enemy in force at the crossings of the Combahee and Salkehatchie rivers Feb. 8-11, 1865. The plan of campaign was fixed in January and was based upon the experience gained in the famous march through Georgia. Sherman was to pass in the rear of Charleston, which was still a defiant citadel, cut it off from the Confederate armies inland and drive those armies before him, finally bringing up in the rear of Robert E. Lee, who held Grant at arm's length at Petersburg and Richmond.

General Howard took the lead with the right wing, marching from Beaufort, S. C., with a view to threaten Charleston. The left wing, under General Slocum, marched forty miles up the Savannah river, then struck out into South Carolina, with an eye on the Confederates remaining in Augus-

increased by a general turnout of all the men in Georgia and South Carolina and that Sherman could be resisted until General Beauregard could arrive with re-enforcements from the west. I see no cause for despondency, but abundant reason for renewed exertion and unyielding resistance."

The advice of General Lee was followed, but not in time to prevent Sherman from striking the heart of South Carolina and isolating Charleston. General Slocum was delayed with the Federal left wing at the crossing of the Savannah river for some days, but at the end of the first week of February General Howard's left wing was marching toward the Edisto river, heading for Columbia.

"The first serious encounter of this column with the enemy was at the passage of the Salkehatchie Feb. 9. The route of march lay across a swamp, beyond which was the railroad from Charleston to Augusta, Ga. The divisions of General Mower and Gen-



SHERMAN'S TROOPS STORMING SALKEHATCHIE SWAMP.

ta, Ga. Thus while the northward march would seem to portend an attack upon either Charleston or Augusta, the purpose was to make all haste to Columbia, S. C., and from there strike for Goldsboro, N. C., where Sherman would open communication with General Schofield, who during the winter had transferred the Twenty-third army corps from Tennessee to Wilmington, N. C.

Sherman felt confident that he could place his army on Cape Fear river without serious opposition from the enemy. The sole danger of the plan lay in the possibility that Lee would turn round at Petersburg and attack Sherman before Grant could overtake him with the Army of the Potomac. Rapid marches and no heavy battles were the tactics by which it was hoped that Sherman could reach a water base on Cape Fear river.

General Lee was appealed to by the Carolinians to send an army to arrest the march of Sherman. He replied in a letter to the governor of South Carolina as follows: "I should not have waited for your application, for I lament as much as you do his (Sherman's) past success and see that injury may result from his further progress. I have no troops except those within this department, within which my operations are confined. According to your statement of General Sherman's force, it would require this whole army to oppose him. It is now confronted by General Grant with a far superior army. If it was transferred to South Carolina I do not believe General Grant would remain idle on the James river. It would be as easy for him to move his army south as for General Sherman to advance north. You can judge whether the condition of affairs would be benefited by a concentration of two large Federal armies in South Carolina with the rest of the Confederacy stripped of defense.

"But should Charleston fall into the hands of the enemy, as grievous as would be the blow and as painful the result, I cannot concur in the opinion of your excellency that our cause would necessarily be lost. Should our whole coast fall into the possession of our enemies, with our people true, firm and united the war would be continued and our purpose accomplished. As long as our enemies are unsubdued and sustained the Confederacy is safe. I therefore think it bad policy to shut our troops up within intrenchments, where they can be besieged by superior forces, and prefer operating in the field. I recommend this course in South Carolina and advise that every effort be made to prevent General Sherman reaching Charleston by contesting his advance."

General Lee then briefly summed up the Confederate forces in and within reach of the Carolinas, estimating the total at 33,000 men, and continued: "But I think it might be still further

"Riches," my friend, said the plowman, "do not bring happiness."

"Maybe not," said the plowman, "but it must be a heap of satisfaction to have a lot of money and be able to talk like that to a chap that hasn't any."—Chicago Tribune.

Boarding Mistress—What are those boarders gambling about now?

Bervant—"They're roasting the beef."—New York Press.

eral G. A. Smith charged across by wading, swimming or floating and effected a lodgment in spite of the enemy's galling fire. Although called a charge, the movement was anything but an orderly military advance. A mass of drenched and muddy veterans swept the enemy away, while the trains and artillery were carried over by the tedious process of portaging, pontooning and bridging. It was done in a day, and the troops sank wearily in their muddy bivouacs. The late General Wager Swayne was the principal victim of the fight, and the wooden leg and crutches he carried through life were souvenirs of Salkehatchie's swamp.

After crossing the river Howard destroyed the railway east and west and pushed on toward the Saluda river and its swamps, which lay between him and Columbia, the real objective of both the right and left wings.

The chief obstacle offered to the march of the Federals were the plantings of torpedoes in the roads and occasional forays by General Joe Wheeler's cavalry. The routes led through swamps, misnamed rivers, and the movement of artillery and wagons was slow and tedious. General Logan's corps bridged fifteen separate channels in crossing the Salkehatchie. No wonder the Confederate generals had supposed that Sherman would wait for the end of the rainy season before setting out for the north.

Throughout all the troops kept in good spirits and marched on with the conviction that they were making a direct attack upon Lee's army at Petersburg.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Why He Wanted a Tip.

"At a certain Swiss hotel," said an American tourist, "when I got ready to go I tipped everybody who had waited on me to the slightest extent and was ready to drive off when an individual appeared and asked if I had forgotten his existence."

"And what did you do for me?" I asked.

"I am the undertaker in the canton," he replied.

"But, thank heaven, I have not needed your services."

"That is not my fault, monsieur. For two weeks have I been ready to patch up your mangled remains and send them on to your friends with my condolence, and yet you have refused to go up on the mountain and meet with a fall. It is not for what I have done, but for what I should like to have done."

The Feather In Her Cap.

Mrs. Bride. I know you'll be pleased to hear this. I think I'll be able to save a little on our household expenses this week. Mr. Bride—Well, dear, that will be a feather in your cap. Mrs. Bride tearfully—An ostrich feather?—Philadelphia Press.

House Agent—It's a charming house but there is no bath room.

Goldstein—Oh, that does not matter; I am only taking it for three years.—Tatler.

Malay—Have you and Tom quarrelled?

Daisy—I should say not. My birthday is next week.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

ELEPHANT INTELLIGENCE.

Wherein the Fabie Brand Differs From the Real Life Variety.

The elephant is always credited with something next to omniscience. He is the genius of the animal tribe. He has that prodigious patience which is said to be a part of genius. He cannot sleep at night if the logs he has been set to pile that day have not been laid till the plumb line would show not a log piled the fraction of an inch out of line. He gets up in the middle of the night and jots down ideas and new designs for piling logs. All this in the fable.

But in reality the elephant is a stupid beast. It is hard to teach him. He learns logarithms with the greatest difficulty, and counterpoint he could probably never master. He can pick up a forty ton boulder, but he cannot pick up an idea. Some few tricks he does acquire, but he is like some children—he learns hard and forgets hard.

Some Englishmen undertook not long ago to prepare a jungle born specimen for the circus. After awhile they got him to wave a flag. But the stupid beast had no sense of time, and, being left alone for a day and a night, he was found still waving the flag when his keepers returned. He had no more sense of time than a blind man. One of the easiest tricks to teach an elephant is to step deftly over the prostrate body of a man, but it is the hardest trick to teach the man.

Some elephants have even been educated to step over a row of babies without loss of life. The babies learn this as easily as the elephant. In fact, the chief interest in beholding this sublime spectacle is in watching the meek astonishment of the babies as they look up and observe those great tree trunks of elephant legs slowly descending over their heads and landing safely at their side. The process has about it a beautiful feature in its automatic working. It is the babe's fascination in watching the elephant's ponderous legs that keeps him still and out of harm's way.

But to teach an elephant the common circus trick of foining his four big feet on a tub is one of the most difficult of all. The elephant is as choice as a political candidate where he stands. Man will sometimes stand on ceremony, but the elephant must always have solid footing. And his crowning piece of stupidity is that he will permit himself to be put to the bother of going through all these silly performances of the circus by nothing but a mere puny man.

Be his head what it will, the elephant's heart is of different stuff. There is the story of the elephant in the circus that fell in love with the baby girl of one of its keepers. He would not perform, he would not eat unless the babe were right beside him. Often the child had to be brought into the elephant's stall and be showed to him like a tallman to quiet some obstreperous humor. When the circus had any journey to make it was an indispensable precaution that the baby be shown to this elephant. Only when he had seen it and had been with it awhile and felt assured that it was not to be left behind would he walk into his car and be shipped on his way. It was touching in the extreme.

But the baby died, and trouble was in store. The elephant endured it for a time, but his keepers knew what to expect. He brooded over his loss; he eyed his keepers and the world with suspicion; he felt himself tricked and neglected. He had to be guarded from the public. They ceased to have him on show. Finally he refused any longer to run through his tricks, and he ended one day by kicking the circus to pieces.—Boston Transcript.

Do Not Be Inquisitive.

A train was just starting out of the station when a shirt sleeved man came rushing down the platform, shouting: "Smith! Smith!"

A man in one of the last carriages heard the shout and, being naturally curious, put his head out of the window. As he did so the man running along the platform reached him and struck him a hard blow in the face. By the time he had recovered from his surprise the train was outside the station, so he at once summoned the car attendant.

"What kind of an outrage is this?" he demanded of the attendant. "Here am I, an innocent passenger, sitting in this carriage just as the train pulls out of the station. Suddenly some man runs down the platform, shrieking: 'Smith! Smith!' I look out of the window, and he reaches up and almost knocks my head off. Now, I want to—"

"Tardon me," interrupted the attendant. "Is your name Smith?"

"No, it isn't. And that is just what makes—"

"Well, then, sir, what did you look out of the window for? There wasn't anybody calling you, was there?"—London Telegraph.

Badges of Mourning.

Very ancient are some of the badges of mourning that are common in the United States today. The white hearse and the white crape at the funerals of children find their counterparts in England, where the funerals of children and young unmarried persons are attended by mourners wearing handkerchiefs and sashes of white. This is said to be a survival of the days when royal widows wore robes of white in their mourning. "The white queen" was a description bestowed upon Mary Stuart because she wore white for the death of Darnley. The black flag and the judge's black cap are parts of ancient mourning regalia. When a city defying a besieging force was to be given over to destruction the black flag was hoisted to signify that "the time for mercy is now past." Tragedies in Shakespeare's time were performed upon a stage draped with black.

Telling on the Tail.

Mamma—Johnny, how many times have I told you about pulling that cat's tail? Johnny—I don't know, mamma, but from the way de tail is worn it must be a lot.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A brave man is sometimes a desperate do, but a bully is always a coward.—Halliburton.

UNDER THE ROSE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

master now retaliates on the jester," and held her breath.

Had he, too, observed these sudden perilous tactics? Apparently. Yet he seemed not to shun the issue.

"Why does he not turn aside?" thought the maid. "He might yet do it. A fool and a knight, forsooth!"

But the fool pricked his horse deeply. It sprang to the struggle madly. Crash, like a thunderbolt, steel and rider leaped upon the trooper. Then it was Jacqueline had murmured, "They have killed him!" not doubting for a moment that he had sped to destruction.

A second swift glance, and through the veil, less obscure, she saw the jester riding, unharmed, his lance unbroken. Had he escaped after all? And the trooper? He lay among the trampling horses' feet. She saw him now. How had it all come about? Her mind was bewildered, but in spite of the princess' assertion to the contrary her sight seemed unusually clear.

"Good lance, fool!" cried a voice from the king's box.

"The jester rides well," said another. "The knight's lance even passed over his head, while the fool's struck fairly with terrific force."

"But why did he select the jester as an adversary?" continued the first speaker.

"Mistakes will happen in the confusion of a melee, and he has paid for his error," was the answer. And Jacqueline knew that none would be held accountable for the treacherous assault.

Now the fool had dismounted, and she observed that he was bending over another jester who had been unhorsed. "Why," she murmured to herself in surprise, "Callette! As good a soldier as a fool. Who among the jesters could have unseated him?"

But her wonderment would have increased could she have overheard the conversation between the duke's fool and Callette as the former lifted the other from the sands and assisted him to walk or rather limp to the jesters' pavilion.

"Did I not tell you to beware of the false duke?" muttered Callette, not omitting a parenthesis of deceptive groans.

"Ah, if it had only been he instead!" began the fool.

"Why," interrupted the seemingly injured man, "think you to stand up against the bear of Hockfels?"

"I would I might try!" said the other quickly.

"Your success with the trooper has turned your head," laughed Callette softly. "One last word. Look to yourself, and fear not for me. Mine injuries, which I surmise are internal, as they are not visible, will excuse me for the day. Nor shall I tarry at the palace for the physician, but go straight on without bolus, simples or pills, a very Mercury for speed. Danger will I eschew, and a pretty maid shall hold me no longer than it takes to give her a kiss in passing. Here, leave me at the tent. Turn back to the field or they will suspect. Trust no one, and—your mind if not in a friend, one who would serve you to the end—forget the princess! Serve her, save her, as you will, but remember, women are but creatures of the moment. Adieu, mon ami!"

And Callette turned as one in grievous physical pain to an attendant, bidding him speedily remove the armor, while the duke's fool, more deeply stirred than he cared to show, moved again to the lists.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHINESE DINNER.

The Tidbits Were Cantonese Poultry and Eggs Fifty Years Old.

An officer of the British army says that one of the finest dinners he ever ate was served to him by a Chinese host in Hongkong. He thus describes it: "First on our menu came the little oysters which cling to the bamboo stems in the salt water marshes of upper China. They are, I should fancy, the smallest and the sweetest oysters in the world. Bird's nest soup followed, prepared as it should be. I fancy that a chicken broth was the liquid to which the most gave its peculiar and attractive taste of the sea at our feast, and the combination was excellent. Tri-pang, which we know as beche-de-mer, followed. It is the sea slug from the Loochoo Islands, and served as an entree it tastes very much like turtle fat, though richer. To counteract its richness a great china bowl of boiled bamboo shoots was handed round with it.

"Next came a very small roast. I thought at first that it was a tiny sucking pig, but it had no crackling, and the flesh was like that of an aqueous de lait, the little lambs whose meat is snow white. It was one of the Cantonese puppies of a particular kind, which are doomed from birth to take their place on the roasting spit and which are fed on rice and milk only. I looked down the table and saw that my friend was eating with zest, so for the first time in my life I ate dog—and liked it exceedingly. With this puppy were served all the vegetables in season and a salad which had the taste of young nasturtium leaf as its strongest flavor. Little birds followed. They are smaller than ortolans, each tiny plump creature being but a mouthful, but they are the most delicious eating of all the feathered small fry.

"Nankin eggs were next brought round. They had been buried for fifty years, and a Chinaman detects some special flavor in them. To me they tasted just like an ordinary hard boiled egg, and their appearance, being almost black, was not inviting. They were, in my opinion, the one failure of the dinner. The sideboard had been spread with a variety of cold viands, among them pheasants and game pies from Shanghai and a Kobe roast of spiced beef. Baskets of fruit were brought in and little orange trees in pots, from which we were invited to pluck the ripe fruit."

A Hard Task.

Midget—The fat lady says she had a hard time making both ends meet. Glanester—Was she in debt when she said that? Midget—No, she was trying to put on her belt.—Chicago News.

The Wall Street Journal.

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Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultze said to me one day at luncheon: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand.

"The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of Foxy Grandpa and 'Bunny'?"

The joy and gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

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The Mercury.

Report, R. I.
JOHN P. MANBORN, Editor and Manager.
Office Telephone 181
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Saturday, January 21, 1906.

According to the tax assessors New York has only twenty millionaires. New York city must be growing poor.

The Newport Business Men's Association will soon be a thing of the past. There are many clubs in Newport and one more or less will not make any material difference.

Russia wants to drag China into the fight, having apparently regretted her rashness in agreeing to the neutrality of that country. Russia is rather more successful in diplomacy than in war.

J. P. Morgan and other Americans have repurchased the stock of the railroad from Canton to Hankow, China, lately sold to Belgians. China intended to sound the charter of the road on the ground that the stock had changed hands.

Another term of six years in the United States Senate has been extended to Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich by the State of Rhode Island. This State has the distinction of sending to the Senate one of the ablest men of the country—a man that aids in directing the policy of the party that is conducting the affairs of the nation—and in honoring such a man the people of the State are honoring themselves.

J. J. Hill says that the country is short \$210,000,000 on cotton and wheat and that therefore it is no time to disturb business with talk of new federal regulations for railroads. He will welcome any legislation to stop rebates, but believes that the great shippers will oppose it. He believes that some tariff revision will help business and does not see why Pennsylvania should dominate the fiscal policy of the entire country.

The Long Wharf Question.

For many years there has been an almost constant agitation for the improvement of Long wharf. In the past fifty years or more there have been many mass meetings called for the purpose of considering the proposed improvement; commissions have been appointed to draw plans and confer with the officials of the railroad as to the likelihood of co-operation on the part of the corporation; city council committees have "taken the first steps" time and again—and yet the wharf is in no better condition than it was when the agitation was first begun. Perhaps there are two reasons for this. In the first place the city and the railroad have never come together with plans drawn and approved by both parties—it is possible that this could be done easily, but in any event it never has been done. But there is another and a deeper reason: The ideas of the advocates of the scheme have been too big. Newport is not now, and has not been, in fit financial condition to spend \$100,000 or \$200,000 on the improvement of Long wharf, nor is this amount essential to a betterment of the conditions there. The Mayor presents the wisest solution of the difficulty. In his inaugural address, and again at the meeting of business men last week, he advised that the road-bed and sidewalk be put in excellent condition and that the other conditions of the wharf would improve themselves naturally. The sum of \$25,000 expended on the wharf would be sufficient to make a vast improvement over the present conditions.

No one denies that \$100,000 or \$200,000 could be dumped into Long wharf and the wharf would show every cent of the money, but that is not the question. Is the city able to afford this expenditure or is it the best use that can be made of this amount by the city? The advocates of this plan claim that the wharf is the first spot that is seen by many of the visitors to the city, therefore it should be made a beauty spot. As a matter of fact, however, what proportion of the summer visitors really get their first glimpse of Newport on the wharf? The great bulk of the passengers that come to Newport by the Fall River line from New York go right through to Fall River and come down by boat from Fall River and land at Long wharf in the evening. Aside from these few the only other summer visitors who land at Long wharf are those who come on the New York excursion steamers on Sunday—for a stay of two hours.

There are many Newporters who use the wharf, there are many strangers who leave the town from this point, and there is a great deal of heavy traffic and freighting done here. But for this business a well-built roadway and a smooth, substantial granite sidewalk, with a few more electric lights, would be all that is required.

If the city of Newport, or the citizens of Newport, have an extra hundred thousand dollars to spare they should divert the surplus to some project that will bring business to the city. The crying need is of course for a hotel, capable of caring for a large number of guests and run on a liberal scale, but not necessarily the million-dollar palace of our late lamented friend and well-wisher from New York. A hundred thousand dollars in Long wharf is a luxury; the same amount in a hotel is a business investment.

An Age of Electricity.

A person not yet three score and ten years old could remember the building of the first telegraph in the United States. There are a number of members of the Stock Exchange, who can remember the first time London prices were received over the cable when Cyrus W. Field's great undertaking of laying an electric wire under the Atlantic Ocean was finally completed in 1865. It is only thirty-eight years ago, when the stock ticker, now an indispensable adjunct of every office in the Wall street district, first made its appearance. The writer of this article regards as the most wonderful recollection of his life, his hearing a human voice over an electric wire in 1875, a year before Bell exhibited his first telephone at the Centennial Exhibition. Electric lights and electrical traction are all productions of the past quarter of a century.

Such a retrospect as this makes of intense interest the census bulletin just issued, exhibiting the progress of telephones and telegraphs in the United States. A summary of this has already been published, and we will merely call attention to a few of the striking proofs, which it affords, of the wonderful progress of electricity in the past twenty-five years. It is a most suggestive fact, that the number of miles of telephone wire in the United States in 1902 was over three times the number of telegraph wires. The salaries and wages paid to employees of telephone systems amount to \$36,000,000, as compared with \$15,000,000 paid by the telegraph systems. The capital invested in telephone companies is \$348,000,000, as against \$168,000,000 invested in the telegraph systems. The telephone revenue of the country is over \$36,000,000 and the telegraph nearly \$41,000,000. The telephone development has been substantially since 1880. Since then the miles of telephone wire have increased from 34,000 to 4,850,000 and the total revenue from \$3,000,000 to \$36,000,000. Between 1880 and 1902 the telegraph mileage of the United States increased 552 per cent. and the telephone mileage increased 144 per cent. The revenue of the telegraph systems increased 150 per cent., and the revenue of the telephone companies increased 278 per cent.

The progress in electric traction has been equally remarkable. Horse car lines, which a few years ago prevailed in every city in the country, have now been transformed into the electric system, and at the time of the last report made by the census bureau, there were only 259 miles of track left that were operated by animal power. Moreover the invention of the electrical traction systems, has led to a vast extension of car lines into the rural territories surrounding the large towns and cities, and last year there were more than 5,800,000 passengers carried on the street car lines of the United States. The authorized capitalization of traction companies in 1892 amounted to \$2,870,000,000, while the gross earnings were \$217,000,000. But this is only the beginning of electrical development. There can be no doubt that we are merely upon the threshold of a wonderful age of electricity. The possibilities of the future are boundless. Already the day of the steam locomotive is approaching an end. It will probably not be long before it is entirely superseded by the electric motor. Within a very short time there will not be a single steam locomotive entering the territory of Greater New York. But even this evolution scarcely reveals the changes which are to be brought about by further electrical development. Nicola Tesla in a recent article attempts to give some idea of what is to take place within the not far distant future. Mr. Tesla is a good deal of a poet and dreamer, but then all advance in science and invention is along the line of imagination, and Mr. Tesla has accomplished enough to make his dreams very suggestive indeed. He believes that the development of electricity is to make universal peace inevitable. He declares that the skilled electricians will settle the battles in the near future, because they will invent the engines of destruction.

But it is not merely in making war more terrible that electricity will aid in the establishment of universal peace. The greatest conquest of man is the complete annihilation of distance, and this is what is already being accomplished by electricity. The telegraph, the telephone and the cable are however, merely the first stages in this process of annihilation of distance. Wireless telegraphy is the next step, and beyond that will be the wireless transmission of power. The waterfalls are being harnessed for the work of mankind, and whereas now about three million horse-power has been produced by the system of alternating current transmission, Mr. Tesla predicts something aggregating over one hundred and fifty million horse-power. He declares that millions of instruments of all kinds will be operated from one machine, and in an article published in the Electrical World and Engineer he talks about "delivering energy at the rate of one million horse-power, a hundred falls of Niagara combined in one, striking the universe in blows that will awaken from their slumbers the sleepy electricians—if there be any—on Venus or Mars." Is this the talk of one who dreams dreams? Well, what would be thought of Benjamin Franklin, a century and a quarter ago, he predicted that the time would come when a man in New York could talk to a friend in Philadelphia?

The rumor that the President is becoming impatient to see the dirt fly on our Indian canal right-of-way has large elements of credibility.

A good many other people are feeling the same way. Our government had better look out and see that it does not make such an egregious failure as the French people did. This big ditch will prove a sinking fund for Uncle Sam's superfluous cash for many years to come.

District Attorney Jerome is nothing if not strenuous. He now has the gamblers on the run and some of the biggest ones of the city have surrendered their property and announced their willingness to go out of business. Police Commissioner McAuliffe has also adopted Jerome's tactics and between the two the way of the gambler is very rough.

Face to Face.

Are labor organizations to have war chests as well as nations? Russia, it will be remembered, began years ago to prepare for war by increasing her supply of gold. A dispatch from Indianapolis says that it is understood that the United Mine Workers will take steps to increase its fund for defense to \$300,000, so as to be prepared for a possible strike in the anthracite region next year. On the other hand, it is reported that the coal companies are getting ready to store vast quantities of coal so as to be prepared to hold out in case of a strike.

These reports, if true, present a situation that may well cause the public to take a little sober thought. Such preparations as these revive memories of the last great struggle in the anthracite field—a strike creating a situation so grave that the President had to interfere in order to prevent a disaster.

Think of preparing for a strike one year in advance! It is true that this preparation is against the expiration of the present wage contract in 1906. But even so, it would seem as if any question between employers and employees that did not reach an issue in over a year might reasonably be left to methods of conciliation and peaceful adjustment. The fact that the matter does not work that way speaks volumes of the enormous change that has been brought about by the organization of labor into great national bodies like this. The operators and miners in the anthracite field are acting, not like partners in a big enterprise, but like aggressive competitors. Their attitude resembles that of Russia and Japan before the outbreak of war, when each was entertaining the ambassadors of the other and speaking words of peace, while secretly preparing for war.

Such an attitude as this cannot always be the position of capital and labor, which should march shoulder to shoulder, and not stand face to face.

The people of Fall River are to be congratulated on seeing the end of the long six months' strike of the mill workers. It has been a long hard pull for the workers and for the citizens generally. Business in Fall River had been subject to a great depression ever since the beginning of the strike and it will probably be some time yet before conditions resume the normal. The strikers go back to work without a promise of an increase on the part of the mill owners, but with an understanding that Governor Douglas will investigate the profits of the owners and do his best to secure an equitable wage scale.

The northern part of the state has begun to lay its plans to take away the membership in the United States Senate which is now held by a Newport man. The up-state citizens were not happy until they got the congressman even though they had to break party lines to do it.

The trial of Tucker for the murder of Mabel Page at Weston, Mass., is dragging its slow length through the courts. It would be a safe guess that the jury will report a disagreement. The introduction of handwriting experts is almost a sure indication of a disagreement by jury.

Weather Bulletin.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21, 1906.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance across the continent Jan. 21 to 25, warm wave 20 to 24, cool wave 23 to 27. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast Jan. 25, cross west of Rockies by close of 25, great central valleys 27 to 29, eastern states 30. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 28, great central valleys 30, eastern states Feb. 1.

This disturbance will come during a period of low temperatures, will be a severe winter storm and the cold wave will bring unusually cold weather with blizzard accompaniments. With the last preceding disturbance temperatures will have gone away up, following this disturbance they will go away down and the contrast will make the latter unusually severe on man and brute.

The rise and fall of temperature accompanying this storm will be very similar on all parts of the continent progressing from far west to the far east and the high and low will cover large areas. Great fall in temperatures Jan. 23 to 30 on the meridian 90; a little earlier west, later east.

About date of this bulletin a cold wave will cover the great central valleys; a low barometer will cover the far north with increasing energy and will become a severe winter storm in northern states about 25. Week ending Jan. 30 will bring general rains or snows and a great fall in temperatures.

January will go out cold. February will come in on a rising temperature that will bring a thaw 4 to 10. Complete general forecasts of February in next bulletin.

The great cotton belt drought that will affect a part of the corn belt will be discussed freely in future bulletins. I am of the opinion that the cotton boll weevil is more prolific in dry years than in wet years and if this is correct cotton planters must expect increased activity among that brood of pests.

The reverse is true as to the corn outlook and therefore I expect the latter to injure early planted corn in the wet section of the corn belt.

Chief Moore refused to send to Congressmen, who made the request, his proof that I had advertised myself as being a member of the U. S. weather bureau. If any reader of my bulletins knows of me making such a claim let them publish it. If Chief Moore tried to injure me through a serious, damaging, false charge, what will you think of him?

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Hobbs, Illinois, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAIN-OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. (See if your druggist doesn't send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Parf. Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. 11-540m

Washington Matters.

Proposed Increase of Pay for President, Vice President and Members of the Cabinet—No Docking of Money—The Railroad Freight Question—Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14, 1906. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate now has under advisement a bill introduced by Senator Gallinger last March providing that after the Fourth of March next the salary of the President of the United States shall be increased from \$50,000 to \$75,000, of the Vice President and of the Cabinet Officers from \$8,000 to \$15,000, of the Speaker of the House from \$8,000 to \$12,000 and of Senators and Representatives from \$5,000 to \$8,000. Still more recently a bill was introduced in the House providing for a salary of \$100,000 for the President, and also providing that the President after his retirement from office should receive \$25,000 a year during his life. These bills are in no way like the famous salary grab of the seventies when Congress voted itself not only increased salaries but back pay, for the Senate recommendation states that the bill is not intended to take effect during the life of the present Congress. It is interesting to observe with what unanimity the desire for an increase of the salary of the President is felt. Almost without exception the Senators and Representatives declare themselves to be in favor not alone of an increase but of a permanent income for a retired President. There is a consensus of opinion that the work of the President has vastly increased since the law was passed giving him a salary of fifty thousand a year and that compared with the compensation paid by other countries to their rulers the sum of \$100,000 yearly would not be large. Concerning the amount to be paid after the retirement of a President many Congressmen are emphatic in saying that it is the business of the country to see that her ex-presidents are provided for in a way that becomes the dignity of the office and the Nation. The Democrats in Congress who have been interviewed on the subject are of course less enthusiastic for they have but one ex-president and Grover Cleveland is already a wealthy man, and reflecting that Roosevelt is still a young man and after his term had expired would draw a salary of perhaps forty years, their indifference may be understood.

Human people in Washington are much interested in a bill that has passed the House and is pending in the Senate to prevent the cutting off the fleshy and bony part of the horses' tails—docking as it is called. The operation is really a severing of an extension of the vertebral column and besides causing excruciating pain it renders the horse defenseless for all time against tormenting flies. It is urged by the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals that all humane people shall write to their members and Senators urging their support of this bill. It is known as Senate Bill 2086 and applies only to the District of Columbia but it is probable that inasmuch as some states, led by Colorado have passed such a bill, similar bills will be taken up and passed in different states. There should in fact be an amendment to the bill making it a penal offense to clip horses in the winter season. Electrical shearing machines are in use in many places and remove the long hair which nature provides all animals in cold weather, and at the very season when men and women don extra warm underclothing, furs and overcoats, their horses at the behest of a cruel fad or fashion may be seen in Washington and in other cities naked to the skin in coldest and wettest weather.

Senators and Representatives have been overwhelmed of late by letters, telegrams, long distance phone messages and messengers direct demanding information regarding the probable action of Congress on the railroad freight question. The business centers of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and even cities in the far west are thoroughly alarmed by the activity of the "administration congressmen" who are supposed to be at work on a bill which will cripple the railways.

The agitation of the bill during the last week and the talk of an extra session has produced an apprehension in industrial and financial circles, affecting stocks, the writers claim. The answers sent by Congressmen have so far been reassuring and for the most part contain positive information that Congress is not stampeding to legislate on the subject. "The panic stricken applicants for information should remember," said one Congressman who had been rather overwhelmed by correspondence on the subject, "that there is a big difference between recommendation and enactment."

Senator W. A. Clark of Montana who is the wealthiest man in the Senate arrived in Washington Thursday from Paris with his twenty-two year old wife. Mrs. Clark was the daughter of a street musician of Butte, Montana, who died leaving a family of seven children penniless. Senator, the plain "W. A." adopted two of the girls and after educating this one, married her about three years ago. The marriage was not announced until a few months ago, because as the brave Senator said, he was afraid of his grown children. Now though the wife and baby are openly acknowledged although the baby remains in Europe with its nurses and governesses, if Washington society accepts Mrs. Clark the Senator will build a fine house on the site of the Old Stewart Castle, opposite the Lester mansion, famous as the home of Mary Leiter, now Lady Curzon, wife of the viceroy of India. Mrs. Clark is young, pretty, a musician and a linguist. Washington appreciates these qualities and it is probable that she will become a leader in society, which is by no means as snobbish as it is reputed. If a person is tactful and agreeable he or she will have invitations, and occasionally a woman even without money or distinction becomes an arbiter of fashion, as for example Miss Belle Hagner who was a stenographer under President Cleveland and is now secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt. She is one of the most sought after women in society and dines not only at state dinners at the White House but is a favored guest at the embassies.

Andrew Carnegie's gift of \$15,000 to be distributed among the victims of Mrs. Chadwick will no doubt be greatly appreciated by the sufferers, some of whom perhaps have not entertained the most kindly feeling toward the philanthropist.

The Mormon investigation by the United States Senate still goes merrily on with no apparent ending in sight.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c. 11-541y

Greenhouse for R. I. College.

The R. I. College is again making efforts to obtain an appropriation for a greenhouse. It is the only college in the country that has no adequate facilities for experiments and instruction in greenhouse work. The demand for such work is becoming more and more crying as the years go by. The interests and amounts invested in greenhouses in this state are perhaps greater compared to area, population, and valuation of property than in any other state. Students of the college are calling for the practical work in order to fit themselves to take positions in greenhouses. Advanced students have no facilities for carrying on research work which is so essential in an up-to-date agricultural college. And last, but not least, the college suffers irreparable injury because it loses many excellent students who go to other colleges because they cannot get the work they want here.

The greenhousemen are heartily in favor of developing this line of work at the college. At a meeting of such men held in Providence Dec. 31st, those present expressed themselves as unanimously in favor of securing the appropriation and of the plans presented. It was the consensus of opinion that not less than \$15,000 is needed for the purpose.

Aside from the class itself, the college is very much in need of the added space for laboratory and recitation work which is planned in connection with the greenhouse. The college has no adequate place for doing photographic work which is absolutely essential in connection with much of the investigation done at the present time.

The college is in a thrifty growing condition. More students are in attendance than ever before. It is hoped that this growth may not be stunted by lack of the most necessary facilities for carrying on efficient college work.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY 1906.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
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New Moon, 34 day, 11.17a, evening.
First Quarter, 13th day, 3h. 11m, evening.
Full Moon, 21st day, 2h. 13m, morning.
Last Quarter, 27th day, 7h. 20m, evening.

COTTAGE FOR RENT.

Close to Touris Street.

An 8-room cottage with modern improvements, heating, etc. \$30 monthly.
THAMES STREET PROPERTY FOR SALE. An excellent property on Thames street, not far from the Parade. Yields about 7 per cent. net income. Will sell for \$2000. A good opportunity for an investment.

COTTAGE AND STABLE ON BROADWAY. For sale at \$3,250. Particulars on application to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

Real Estate Agent, 132 Bellevue Avenue.

Marriages.

In this city, 16th inst., by Rev. A. P. Record, Alexander Dibble and Miss Elizabeth Murphy, both of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, 20th inst., at her late residence, Spruce street, Nellie C. W. of P. J. Sullivan and daughter of Timothy and Catherine (O'Donnell), aged 36 years.

In this city, 16th inst., Otto, son of Anders Hansen, in the 20th year of his age.

In New York city, 16th inst., Annie, wife of Frank Riley and daughter of Margaret and the late Thomas Dwyer.

In Hyde Park, Mass., 15th inst., Jane, wife of Michael Curley and daughter of the late Thomas and Catherine Campbell of this city.

In Little Compton, 18th inst., Mrs. Caroline A. Toles, in her 74th year.

In Little Compton, 18th inst., Mary S., daughter of the late Henry and Susan L. Burdett, in her 84th year.

In Freetown, 18th inst., James Mahurn, in his 73d year.

In Providence, 18th inst., Frances A., widow of George T. Fox, aged 80, 72d year.

In Bristol 18th inst., John F. Jordan, in his 68th year.

COTTAGE,

Middleton avenue—for sale, 8 rooms, bath, toilet, steam heat, gas, electric light, about 3,000 square feet of land. Priced on application. Two-tenement house, Young street, near Spring street, good location, rents for \$24 annually. Price \$3,250.

Two-tenement house, Hammond street, excellent place for lodgers or boarders, 10 rooms, about 400 square feet of land. Price, if bought at once, \$3,000.

C. H. Wrightington,

94 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

Telephone 770.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing it, and these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing it, and these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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MRS ELIAS' STORY

Rose From Slum Life to the Control of Great Wealth

MONEY RAINED UPON HER

Kept No Account of Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars Given

Her by Platt, Which She Now

Claims to Be Sole Owner Of

New York, Jan. 19.—Hannah Elias, the negress, whom aged John R. Platt is suing to compel her to return \$85,000, which he claims she extorted from him during an acquaintance of 20 years, told the story of her life before Justice O'Gorman, in the supreme court, where the suit is on trial.

It was an extraordinary tale of sudden elevation from the lowest and most vicious surroundings to a position of affluence, where money literally rained upon her and where she had everything that great wealth could provide. She declared that she had nothing to conceal and insisted that every dollar that Platt gave her had been given voluntarily.

She believed, she said, that she was under no obligations to return any part of the money which she now possesses. How much money Platt gave her she could not say, even approximately, as she never kept any account of his gifts, which were made in large sums at frequent intervals during their entire acquaintance.

Mr. Platt was very generous even from the first, she said, but he became more so after the death of his wife in 1893. He told her at that time that he wanted to provide for her handsomely and explained that if he mentioned her in his will a contest might result. He had decided, therefore, to give her a great deal of money while he was yet alive.

He advised her to invest this money carefully and suggested that it might be well for her to place a considerable portion of it in savings banks. She said that the old man always had been very kind to her, but that he was even more tender after the death of his wife, and showed her many little attentions that had been lacking before. Six months after his wife's death he gave the witness Mrs. Platt's watch and pocket-book. She identified these articles when they were produced by Mr. Black.

Mrs. Elias apparently made no attempt to cover the details of her early life. She answered readily every question by her counsel as to her method of life in Philadelphia and immediately after coming to this city and admitted that she had served two terms in prison, one in Philadelphia for larceny, and the other in this city for disorderly conduct.

It developed during the examination of witnesses that Mrs. Elias had distributed her easily acquired wealth with a free hand among those who had been of assistance to her. Lawyer A. C. Fox said she had paid him \$20,000 in fees; Lawyer Washington Brauns received from her more than \$10,000 in fees; she paid more than \$30,000 to one firm for carpets and furniture; a man who acted as godfather at the christening of her child received a present of \$

FIRED ON BY OWN ARTILLERY

Czar and Family Narrowly Escaped Being Wiped Out

A PREMEDITATED AFFAIR

Volley of Grape Shot Came From Across River to Where Ceremony of Blessing the Waters Was Being Performed--Every Sign That Russian Empire Is on Verge of a Revolution

St. Petersburg, Jan. 20.—The ceremony of the blessing of the waters this year was accompanied by an event more mysterious, unprecedented and extraordinary than any afforded by the annals of Russian history.

For a Russian sovereign to fall killed by the hand of an assassin is no new thing in Russian records, but that the czar should narrowly escape death by a shot from his own artillery while he was engaged in a solemn religious rite, surrounded by priests of his church, is so difficult to realize as to be almost incredible. Yet this is what happened and the Russian public is left wondering and mystified.

By the merest chance the imperial family escaped unhurt, but public opinion is stunned by what might have been the tragic results of the affair.

The grapeshot came from a battery stationed on the bourse esplanade, directly across the river from the palace. The artillerymen are supposed to have joined in a conspiracy.

The incident illustrates in an emphatic way the volcano upon which the Russian government is sitting and incidentally the foreign diplomats accredited to the Russian court. Ambassador McCormick and Secretaries Eddy and Bliss of the American embassy were present and shared the peril of the Russian monarch.

In spite of the official statement that the cannon shot was the result of carelessness in leaving a shotted cartridge in the breach of a gun after target practice, the mysterious case is still under the combined investigation of the military and police and the public seems as little inclined as the authorities to accept the published version. The officers and men of the battery have not been arrested, but are confined to barracks.

The general belief is that a widespread plot did not exist, but evidences of design are so apparent that the statement attributing the presence of a loaded shell to previous target practice evoked smiles in many quarters. It is pointed out as being highly improbable that the gun had not been cleaned for two days and it is impossible that a second cartridge could have been inserted for saluting purposes behind the first; and it is certainly a startling coincidence that the gun containing this missile should have been trained directly on the imperial pavilion.

Whatever may be the solution, it is a strange fact that the shot came from the bourse esplanade, where was stationed the First Horse Artillery of the Guard, the premier artillery organization of the empire and one of the most noted regiments in the whole Russian service. The roster of this organization of aristocratic traditions has included grand dukes, princes, and some of the most illustrious names in Russia.

Had the gun contained a service charge or a regular shell the pavilion must infallibly have been destroyed and the whole Romanoff family would have been wiped out. It is clear, however, that the saluting was done most recklessly, as the flashes of the blank shots from St. Peter and St. Paul fortress showed that the guns were directed straight at the winter palace.

Russia's Troubles Multiplying
London, Jan. 20.—The London papers and their St. Petersburg correspondents take the gravest view of the internal conditions in Russia. The majority express the belief that yesterday's incident was a premeditated attempt on the life of Emperor Nicholas, and maintain that the strike is much more a political than an industrial movement. In short, they consider that every sign makes it apparent that the empire is on the verge of a revolution.

It is alleged that the St. Petersburg manufacturers have decided to reject the strikers' demands and that the orthodox priest, Father Gapon, threatens to march on Sunday at the head of 100,000 strikers to the winter palace, with a petition for political rights, and that he will refuse to depart until the document is presented to the emperor.

Investigating Smallpox
Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 19.—Health officials are now making a thorough investigation to locate possible smallpox cases in this city by reason of the discovery that four persons have taken the disease from W. H. Newschome, a passenger of the steamship Cymric, which arrived at Boston two weeks ago.

Resignation of Combes Ministry
Paris, Jan. 19.—The Combes ministry presented its resignation to President Loubet and the president accepted it, but asked the ministers to carry on their functions individually until a new cabinet is formed. M. Loubet will begin the consideration of the formation of a new cabinet.

Desperate Criminal Captured
Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 20.—Charles J. Hassan, who escaped Wednesday from a prison van in Boston by dropping through a hole he had cut in the floor of the vehicle, was arrested here last night. Hassan would not tell where he procured the saw with which he cut his way to temporary liberty.

AT REDUCED WAGE

Fall River Strikers to Return to Work at Once

AGREEMENT UNTIL APRIL

Governor to Look Into the Matter of Margins in the Meantime and Submit Conclusions--Close of Greatest Disturbance in History of Textile Industry

Boston, Jan. 19.—The Fall River strike is settled and the operatives are to return to work in their former places as fast as they can be employed. A proposition offered by Governor Douglas was accepted and signed by both parties after a conference at the state house lasting less than two hours. It is virtually an unconditional surrender by the men, as they are to return on the reduced scale of wages against which they struck, and they depend upon the governor's finding as to the justification of increased wages. Whatever increase the governor may decide upon shall be binding on the manufacturers only up to April 1, 1905. His excellency's proposition is as follows:

"The strike is to be declared off, and the operatives to return to work at once. All operatives are to be put to work in the mill in which they were employed when the strike began, as fast as practicable, and no discrimination to be shown on account of the present strike. After resumption of work I will take up and investigate the matter of margins, and submit to you my conclusions as to what average margin shall prevail on which the manufacturers shall pay a dividend of 5 percent on wages from the present time to April 1, 1905. It is agreed by both parties that the margin fixed by me shall in no way prejudice future wage schedules."

This was signed on behalf of the manufacturers' committee by Nathaniel B. Borden, chairman, and on behalf of the Fall River Textile council by James Tansley, president.

The cotton mill strike, which began on July 25, 1904, was the greatest disturbance the textile industry of America has ever known. When the mills involved were obliged to close their gates, about 25,000 operatives were thrown out of work. Seventy-one mills, controlled by 33 corporations, stopped the machinery and it remained idle until the middle of November, since which time most of the factories have been running, generally with about one-half the usual force. The strike was directly due to a reduction of 12½ percent in wages by the 33 corporations.

The mills had reduced wages 10 percent eight months previously. Under the second reduction the standard price for weaving was 17.42 cents a cut. The last cut-down was not met by the six mills of the Fall River Iron works, a concern conducted independent of the Fall River Manufacturers' association. The yarn and thread mills, the Barnum gingham and Stevens quilt mills were also out of the wage reduction agreement.

The mills affected by the strike have a combined capital of \$25,000,000, and have 233,000 spindles. During the months the 71 mills were shut down the operatives lost nearly \$150,000 weekly on the corporate one about \$23,600. The aggregate direct losses to all interests, including corporations, operatives, business men, transportation companies and unions up to the close of the strike is estimated at fully \$5,000,000. The direct losses were also considerable.

Thousands of persons left the city. Among the hundreds of families which remained suffering has been intense, especially since the appearance of cold weather. The United Textile Workers of America, whose stronghold is in Fall River, devoted their resources to sustaining the idle hands, and assisted needy non-union as well as union strikers. The local unions have expended more than \$250,000 and have received about \$50,000 from unions outside of the city. A large number of other contributions were also received.

A notable feature of the great struggle was the absence of disorder and lawless acts. The strikers refrained from interfering with persons entering the mills, and at no time were the police called upon to make arrests by reason of the strike, except in two or three instances of malicious mischief, in which small boys were the perpetrators.

Previous to the Fall River strike the last important cotton mill disturbance in the north was in Lowell, where about 17,000 hands were out 12 weeks in 1902, fighting for higher wages. The last big strike against a cut-down was in New Bedford, about seven years ago, where 5000 hands stopped work. The manufacturers won both in Lowell and New Bedford. Now they have virtually won in Fall River.

Irvine Brings Suit For Slander
Philadelphia, Jan. 18.—The controversy between Bishop Talbot and Rev. Dr. I. N. W. Irvine has taken a new turn and it is probable that the whole affair will be aired in the civil courts. Dr. Irvine has filed notice of a suit for slander against Talbot, asking damages. The papers were served on the bishop while in this city.

Two Men Killed by Gas
New Haven, Jan. 16.—Two men were found dead in bed in a boarding house kept by Mrs. James B. Kilbride. Gas was flowing from an open jet when the bodies were found.

Larceny Charge Against Broker
Boston, Jan. 20.—Frank S. Colton, formerly of the brokerage firm of F. S. Colton & Co., was haled into court on the charge of larceny, but the judge declined jurisdiction and held Colton for the grand jury. Colton is charged with larceny by means of false pretences from F. E. Small of Somerville.

SPECIAL

HOLIDAY SALE!

Commencing Saturday, December 17th, and continuing to and including New Year's Eve, December 31st.

TWO WEEKS OF SPECIAL PRICES.

TWO WEEKS OF Money Saving Values.

From Producer to You Means Money in Your Pocket.

Everything at New York Prices.

Specials Way Below Anything Offered.

SUGAR		PINEAPPLE	
5 lbs. Granulated Sugar	25c	Ancehat 1 lb., sliced, per can	10c
Only 5 pounds to one purchaser and only with other goods.		Regular price, 15c. In heavy syrup.	
COFFEE		RAISINS	
Special Blend, 4 lbs. for	50c	4 Crown Louis Raisins, 3 lbs. for	25c
The biggest value ever offered to the people of Newport.		New goods. Elegant quality. Seeded, 1 lb. packages, each	9c
FLOUR		CURRENTS	
Ancehat, 4 bbl., (24 1-2 lbs.) bags	88c	Loose, cleaned, 3 lbs. for	25c
Finest quality Spring wheat flour.		Fancy, 1 lb. cartons, each	9c
PRUNES		CITRUS	
New stock, 80 to 100 4 lbs. for	25c	Fancy Glace, per lb.	18c
Fine quality.		LEMON PEEL	
MINCE MEAT		Fancy Glace, per lb.	14c
Orion, 5 lbs. jars, each	70c	ORANGE PEEL	
Five quality, regular price, \$1.00		Fancy Glace, per lb.	14c
Ancehat, 16 oz. jars each	20c	NUTS	
Regular price, 30c. The finest quality in the United States.		FIGS	
JELLY		Assorted, per lb.	15c
Gordon & Dilworth's 18 oz. tumblers, Assorted Jellies, to close out, each	22c	Regular price, 20c.	
Regular price, 35c.		10 baskets, finest quality	20c
Gordon & Dilworth's 10 oz. tumblers, Assorted Jellies, to close out	17c	Regular price, 25c.	
Regular price, 25c. Such prices never heard of.		PICKLES	
PRESERVES		A few of Miss North's Assorted Varieties, 10 pints, each	
Gordon & Dilworth's 1-2 pint, Assorted Fruits, per jar	18c	While they last.	30c
Any variety you may select.		CHOCOLATE	
Gordon & Dilworth's pint, Assorted Fruits, per jar	35c	Baker's Genuine, per lb.	
Any variety you may select.		COCOA	
Gordon & Dilworth's quart, per jar	70c	Baker's Genuine, 1 lb. cans, each	
Any variety you may select.		BAKING POWDER	
Make your selection while the variety is large. Regular price on 1/2 pints 30c., on pints 50c. and 70c., on quarts 85c., while they last at cut prices. Special prices on other lines of these goods. Call and see them.		FLUM PUDDING	
CANNED GOODS		Ancehat, 1 lb. cans, each	
Asparagus, Eagle, 2 1/2 lb. cans, each	25c	Ancehat, 2 lb. cans, each	40c
Ungraded. Fine quality and worth 35c.		CRACKERS	
STRING BEANS		Uncead Biscuits, per package, Only with other goods, and not over 6 packages to one purchaser.	
Willett's, 2 lb. cans, 3 for Cheap at 15c. each.	25c	PAPER TABLE DECORATIONS	
CORN		We have just added the most complete line of Lace Paper, Paper Doilies, Quip Holders, Paper Cases (for Ice Cream) favors, etc., ever offered the people of Newport.	
LIMA BEANS		We invite your inspection.	
Monocacy, 3 cans for Best trade in the country.	25c	OLIVES	
TOMATOES		Ancehat, stuffed, per bottle	
Diamond Back, 3 cans for Solid packed; cans cruck full of tomatoes (not soup or slush).	25c	Little fellows, but fine quality.	
FRUITS		GELATINE	
Flickinger's 1 1/2 lb. cans, 2 cans for To clean out all we have left. Assorted varieties.	25c	Ancehat, Shredded, per package, 1 package makes 4 pints jelly.	
PEACHES		PERFUMERY	
Holly, Lemon Cling, 2 cans New goods in heavy syrup.	45c	Special Holiday Packages, at Special Newport Prices. We import our own Perfumes. It will pay you to examine our line before buying.	
CHERRIES		CHILI SAUCE	
Noreca Black, 3 lb. cans, 2 cans for Regular price, 35c. each.	45c	Ancehat, Pints, per bottle	
PEAS		The finest quality in the United States. Try a bottle.	
Livingston, 2 lb., 3 cans for Regular price 12 c. each.	25c	RYE WHISKEY	
SUCCOTASH		(Something for the Gentlemen). Special Old Rye, 1 quart demijohn, fancy package of the genuine "Old Still," each	
Monocacy, 2 lb., 2 cans for Regular price, 15c. a can.	25c	Regular price, \$1.25. Has age, is mellow, and fine quality.	
PEARS		CIGARS	
Paterson, 2 1/2 lb. cans, 2 for Regular price, 25c. a can.	25c	Something more for the gentlemen.	
SAUER KRAUT		King Roger, per hundred	
Libby's, 3 lb. cans, 2 cans for	25c	The highest grade 5c. cigar on the market.	
DEVILED HAM		You can buy them on our guarantee.	
Libby's small cans, 5 cans for An eye-opener on price.	20c		
TOMATOES IN GLASS			
Ancehat stewed, per jar	25c		
Regular price, 35c.			

We have a host of Good Things for you. Our Christmas present to you is the opportunity to purchase seasonal goods, the goods you want NOW at YOUR PRICES. Prices to fit every one's pocket.

Acker, Merrill & Condit Co.,
299 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Come early. Place your orders now and avoid the rush, and the possibility of lines being closed out. Telephone orders appreciated.

Newport

Trust Company,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Capital - - - \$300,000.00
Surplus - - - \$120,000.00

Many people read about Safe Deposit Vaults but do not know exactly what they are. The officers of this Company will be pleased at any time to have you call and make a personal inspection of our equipment for the safe keeping of valuables.

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Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

SCHREIER'S,

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Balance of Winter Millinery Must Co.

GREAT MARK DOWN!

Goods at Half Cost.

TRIMMED HATS, 75 CENTS UP,

CHOICE SELECTION.

Bargain Counter in
FEATHERS and FLOWERS,

5 and 10 Cents.

GREAT BARGAIN SALE at
SCHREIER'S.

PURE CALIFORNIA HONEY,
Hecker's Buckwheat,
AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR,
Karo Corn Syrup.

If you are satisfied with the Coffee you are using don't try our

LAKE'S CORNER BRAND.

S. S. THOMPSON,

174 to 176 BROADWAY.

Wall Papers

AT

HALF PRICE.

Greatest Bargains we have ever offered.

W. C. COZZENS & CO.,

138 Thames Street.

Discharged a Cargo of
Pittston W. A. Stove and Egg.
BRIGHT AND CLEAN.

A Splendid Coal for Winter Use.

This Pittston Coal is highly recommended by our customers as giving satisfaction everywhere. Try a ton and be convinced.

The Gardiner B. Reynolds Co.,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Telephone No. 222-2 and 222-3.

Raynor—"Think of it! Our navy has cost every man, woman and child in the United States at least a dollar!" Shyne—"Well, if the burden is greater than you can bear, and you want to sell out and move away from the country to get rid of it, I'll give you a dollar for your share in the United States Navy."—Chicago Tribune.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that our minister is becoming somewhat reconciled?" "Oh, I don't know," replied her hostess. "Josiah thinks so, but it does seem to me that he weighs a pound more than he ought to for a man as tall as him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A small, fat sheep will always bring a better price than a large, poor one.

"He's boasting that he's got a 'stomach cure.' What does that mean?" asked Mrs. Browne. "Oh!" replied Mrs. Malapop, "that means he thinks everybody is looking at him. Didn't you never hear tell of a person being 'the squire of all eyes'?"—Philadelphia Press.

"What d'ye want?" asked the coachman at the kitchen door. "De boss o' de house sent me 'round here," replied the tramp, "an' said you was ter gimme anything I needed." "All right. Come out to the stable a' O'll turn the horse on ye."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A new tribe was recently discovered in India in which contagious diseases are combated by killing those who are attacked.

The Complaint of Sotades the Athenian.

There a man, just, honest, nobly born
 Justice shall hunt him down—
 Conscience direct
 Beggarly but his heels—
 Is he not right?
 An equal upright judge?
 Report shall blast his virtue—
 Is he strong?
 Sotades shall hit his strength.
 Which brings no new mischance,
 A day of not
 For what is more?
 What matter is he made of?
 How long?
 What is and what shall he be?
 What an immortal part is this world,
 To let a man be virtuous and destroy
 All who are virtuous to mankind?
 What was the price of Sotades?
 A person, a dose of poison, tried, condemned
 and killed.
 How did Sotades?
 As a doctor with a man's heart in his throat.
 And for Sotades?
 Missing he walked, a smiling, single dropped
 in a cotton, a man's heart in his throat.
 And crushed that brain where tragedy had
 laid.
 A pally, pally stone choked the Athenian
 for.
 Masters of Thine dearest Mithras,
 And Mithras Homer was the fact was
 shared.
 This life blind life, seems with perpetual
 woes.

Why Women's Shoe Laces Come Untied.

"Why is it that a lady's shoe be comes untied so much more frequently and apparently earlier than a man's?" repeated J. V. Ladd, the shoe salesman, after me. "Well, I don't suppose I would be in any better position to answer a question than any one else had it not been for the fact that a few days ago a couple of ladies, customers of my place, were discussing that very point, and their deductions appear to solve the riddle perfectly.

"It is not that a woman's shoe laces will not tie as firm a knot as any other's; the reason for the frequent annoyances to which women are subjected is apart from that. In the case of high shoes the trouble is altogether in their height. The shoe laces further up on the leg than men's, usually sit more snugly, and, therefore, encounters a greater strain on the knot when a woman is walking. The result is that it becomes loosened within a very short time, whereas a man may walk all day without the laces of his shoe becoming untied. Where low shoes are worn, the skirts flapping around the ankle do the work of loosening the knot."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some of a Year's Wastes.

Men killed in the wars of the world in 1904 make up a waste of 400,000 lives, according to the Chicago Tribune's statistical estimate.

Russia's contribution in money alone to the war waste of the year was \$361,000,000.

Waste by fire in the United States and Canada amounted to \$245,000,000. We lead the world in the production of great ash-heaps where houses and business blocks have previously stood.

Defalcations, embezzlements, forgeries and bank wreckings in this country in 1904 led to the waste of \$4,742,000.

Waste of life by violent causes other than war—such as the Slocum horror, various railroad accidents, explosions, etc.—amounted to 20,000. There were more than 7,500 homicides in the United States and 87 lynchings.

The amount of human activity in the aggregate that goes for nothing and worse than nothing is astounding.

A well known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture, according to Mainly about People. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the zoological gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very dejected. "Hello, Smith," said he. "You don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?" "Well, I ain't doing much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere gardens a-cleaning 'bout the elephant's stables. A nice occupation for one of the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

"Little boy," said she, "I have lost my way. Can you tell me the road to Manayunk?" "Yes, 'em. Keep right up this road and you'll cum to it."

"But I say, little boy, don't you know this is Sunday?"

"Yes, 'em."

"But don't you know you shouldn't fish on the Sabbath?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, then, here's my card; you come around to my house and I'll teach you the road to Heaven."

"Ah, go 'long, you don't even know the road to Manayunk."

Conversation overheard in a London street; scene, laborer working on a scaffold, contemplating surrounding view, when his foreman comes along down below and, looking up and seeing him idle, calls out to him: "So yer 'aving a look around! What do yer think of the view?"

Workman (looking down with contempt): "Nim, I'm working!"

Foreman: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm sorry I stopped yer!—London Globe.

A certain professor is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his studio and announced a great family event.

"A little stranger has arrived."

"Who?"

"It is a little boy."

"Little boy? Well, ask him what he wants."

"The members of the Rev. Dr. Fourthly's congregation settled themselves resignedly in their seats."

He had just said: "One word more and I have done."

The doctor looked keenly at them over his glasses for a moment.

Then he closed his book in front of him.

"Amen!" he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Native. So you've been visiting our schools, eh? Splendid, aren't they? Magnificent discipline! Superb buildings. Beautiful furnishings! By the way, I want to ask you what was the first thing that struck you on entering the primary department?

Visitor (truthfully)—A pea from a pea-shooter.—The Hilt.

Teacher. Now, Willie you may close your geography and recite.

Willie. Suddenly throwing off his dignified, great detective air: "Ha, villain! You little thought Dick Hertz was on your track."—Puck.

Kate Greenaway Now.

Etiquette in dress for little girls is just as sharply defined as for their mothers or grown sisters. According to the old saying, there is a time and place for all things, and in no one particular is the truth of the saw better exemplified than in the suitable gowning of little girls. Occasionally in fact, more often than one likes to see, vain mothers deck their little daughters out in the morning as if they were going to a party, instead of simply to play, for a walk or out on a shopping expedition. There is always something painful in such a sight and to women who would avoid committing such a solecism, but who do not always know just what the trend of fashion and form is, a few hints on the subject may be of value.

For the tiny school girl nothing is quite so suitable or pretty as checked or plain, wool, serge, light-weight serge or one of the many novelty suitings which appear in such quantity in the stores. Aists are exaggeratedly long, being fully two-thirds of the entire dress length, like the dress material or else a shiny patent leather.

One of the prettiest designs is that in a box coat effect with three back-ward turning points on either side of the front breasted facing to the bottom. With such a dress may be worn a simple broad turn-over linen collar and cuffs with a black silk tie and patent leather belt. The opening is on the right side. It is exceedingly simple and suitable for any occasion in the morning.—Indianapolis News.

Brought Back the Bell.

Congressman Smith of Michigan was counsel for the defendant in a criminal trial in which the main witness for the opposition was known to be a man of ill repute.

Naturally Smith's idea was to make as much of this fact as possible. So he had called to the stand a stalwart blacksmith known to have had dealings with the witness referred to.

"Tell us," said Mr. Smith, "what you know of the reputation of the complaining witness."

"He has a bad reputation in this locality," responded the blacksmith.

The prosecuting attorney then took the blacksmith in hand to cross-examine him.

"Is it true that you have had some trouble with the father of my client?" asked he in an impressive manner.

"No," answered the big blacksmith decidedly.

"Are you sure that you never had any trouble with him?" persisted the prosecuting attorney.

"Nothing of any importance," responded the blacksmith.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney exultantly. "Then there was some trouble, after all?"

"Oh, well," said the blacksmith carelessly, "I simply accused him of stealing a bell off my cow."

"But he denied it, did he not?"

"Yes," replied the blacksmith, "but he brought back the bell the next day."

—Sunday Magazine.

Experienced.

"How is the new girl going to do?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"She hasn't had much experience," said his wife, "but I think she will be all right when she gets broken in."

Then came a loud sound of falling crockery from the kitchen.

"She seems to be making a good start, anyhow," observed Mr. Ferguson encouragingly.

The Association of Ideas.

Mrs. Newrocks—Why, of course Van Dyke was an artist.

Newrocks—I thought he was a barber.—Puck.

The Better Way.

"Shure an' I hate to be 'Paving' ye, Dennis."

"Aeh, Noma, me darlint, I can't bear the operation. If we must part let's go 'gither."

Sabbats—Do you really have to move?

Backlotz—Yes, indeed; our parlor is too small.

Sabbats—Why, it seemed to be big enough for you heretofore.

Backlotz—Yes, but we've had our rubber plant out all summer, and it's grown so beautifully our present parlor's too small for it.—Philadelphia Press.

They were seated at the supper table.

"Say, ma," queried Dolly, "what is a miser?"

"A miser, my dear," answered the diplomatic mother, as she glanced across the table at her husband, "is a man who thinks his wife's hat should not cost any more than his own."—Chicago.

Teacher. Now, Tommie, what is the meaning of the word "purchase?"

Tommie—Don't know, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, if your papa gave your mother \$10 to go and buy a new hat, what would your mother do?

Tommie—Have a fit, I guess.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Mamma," said my little sister Nora, "I love grandpa so much that I am going to marry him when I get big."

"Why, dear," mamma replied, "you can't marry grandpa, for he is my papa."

"Well, you married my papa," returned Nora.

Griffie—Robbins got unmercifully snubbed by that girl at the haberdashery counter. He went in and called for a standing collar, smirked at her.

Spinks—Yes?

Griffie—And got a turnaround.—Houston Chronicle.

"I often wondered," remarked the inquisitive guest, "why the hotel boy is called 'Buttons.'"

"Probably," replied the lone teacher, "because he's always off when you need him the most."—Philadelphia Press.

"Mother," said the golden-haired little girl.

"What is it?"

"I don't remember which it was you said: 'Be good and I'll sing to you,' or 'Be good or I'll sing to you.'"

—Washington Star.

"I wonder why they call a turkey 'dressed' when all of its feathers have been removed."

"For the same reason that they call a woman in a ball gown dressed, I suppose."—Houston Post.

A Great Occasion.

You Blumer came into his wife's room rubbing his hands, a glow of satisfaction on his usually calm face. "Let's celebrate," he repeated. "Come my dear, put on your glad rags and we'll go off and have a real good time. First a nice little dinner at the restaurant you like so well, then an evening at the theatre. How long will it take you to get ready?"

Mrs. Von Blumer gazed at her husband in surprise.

"Can we afford it?" she asked doubtfully.

"Afford it! Why, of course, we can. Do you suppose I would make the suggestion if we couldn't afford it?"

"But it was just yesterday you were pleading poverty. What has happened?"

"Happened!" exclaimed Von Blumer. "Why, I'll tell you what has happened. You know that what last summer's suit of mine. Well, just now, as I was going through the pockets, I'll be hanged if I didn't find a dollar bill."

About Wives.

Too many men never praise their wives until after they bury them.

The easiest way for a man to pack a trunk is to get his wife to do it.

There are men who go to a gymnasium for exercise while their wives are sewing wood.

There is many a wife hankering for an occasional word of approval who will be buried in a rosewood casket.

If men were as ungrateful during courtship as they are after marriage, it is doubtful if any more than one in ten thousand could ever get a wife.

Why is it that it tires some men more to do a little errand for a weedy wife than it does to walk around a billiard table for four hours?

Generally when a man feels the need of economy he thinks it ought to begin with his wife.—Journal of Agriculture.

The Town Stood the Loss.

While the engine was taking water the passenger with the imposing watch-chain and eyeglass strolled out on the platform and looked with interest about him.

"By Jove!" he said to the solitary native who was sitting on a flour barrel, "this village looks just exactly as it did 20 years ago, when I moved away from here. I don't believe it has changed a particle in all that time."

"I reckon not, Mister," said the solitary native, biting off a chew of tobacco. "You're good 'way don't seem to have made much difference in the old town."—Chicago Tribune.

A Considerate Parent.

Algernon—"Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?"

Anabel—"No, I haven't. He never uses that kind of language before this family."

"Sorry we had to ask you to settle in advance, sir," said the clerk of the high priced hotel, "but you see, we didn't know you."

"What difference does that make?" coldly demanded the departing guest.

"Well so many swindlers have done us lately."

"The idea! I thought there was more professional courtesy among swindlers."—Philadelphia Press.

Father—Henry don't you think it is time for you to be doing your share of the world's work?

Son—I suppose it is dad. If you'll make over to me what you consider my share of the world's surface I'll work it for all it's worth.—Chicago Tribune.

Carry—Maude is such an original girl! She told me once she wouldn't marry the worst man in the world.

Martin—I know; that was the time they thought she was going to marry the man who afterwards became your husband, dear.—Boston Transcript.

"Christmas comes but once a year," said the cheery citizen.

"No use of it's coming twice a year," said the morose person. "Must give a man a chance to save a little money before he can spend it."—Chicago Journal.

Blinks—What did you say to your wife when you got home late last night?

Jinks—My Dear.

Blinks—Is that all?

Jinks—Yes. She began talking then. Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Very well, sir," said Dr. Quack after his quarrel with the undertaker, "I'll make you sorry for this!"

"What are you going to do?" asked the undertaker, "retire from practice?"—Philadelphia Press.

Mamma—Fighting again, Willie? Didn't I tell you to stop and count one hundred when you were angry?

Willie—But it didn't do any good, ma. Look what the Jones boy did while I counted.—Harper's Bazar.

"No work," said the man, gloomily, "and not a thing in the house to eat. What shall we do?"

"There is nothing for us to do," replied the wife, "but to take in boarders."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Wife (quoting)—A man's work's finished with the setting of the sun; a woman's work is never done.

Husband (quoting)—Quite right, my dear. I've often remarked the omission.—Punch.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing?

Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.—New Yorker.

Gigglesy—Jones is very wealthy, but his life is full of trials.

Wagglesy—Yes, that's what makes him wealthy. "How so?" "He's a lawyer."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Goldingge—Have you any gilt edged railroad stocks among your investments?

Copperhugges—No, but I've got a few all-gilt copper stocks.—Town Topics.

"The tramp is ever before us," said the sociological student. "Who is responsible for this?"

"The comic artist," chuckled the huffon boarder.—Chicago.

"Oh, ho! I know what's the matter with you. You're senile!"

The Girl—I'm not senile at all, Bobby Brown, I've felt like this way on land lots of times.—I—

BOX OFFICE TRICKS.

THE BERTH OF A THEATER TICKET SELLER IS NOT A SINECURE.

Why the Man Who Sits Behind the Wicket Must Be a Good Judge of Human Nature—The Art of "Dressing" a Light House.

To the average theater goer the man who sits behind the wicket in the box office and sells tickets seems to have one of the sinecures of earth. True, he has to answer many fool questions and deal with many fool persons who are often ugly because others with more foresight have picked up early all the good seats. He has to handle diplomatically the woman who wants dollar seats for 75 cents and with the other fellow who wants "first row, center," after the play has begun and that has been sold for a week ahead. But all these things seem but his share of the minor life of earth. Outside of them apparently his job is what is generally known as a "snip."

But the man in the box office has other things to do besides sell tickets. True, that is where he comes in contact with the general public, and that is all that is usually thought about his duties. But at the same time he is serving the public he is working for two masters behind the scenes, the proprietor of the house and the manager of the attraction, and he must serve them equally, while their interests sometimes conflict sharply. Furthermore, he must serve them as against the public if need there be, and it keeps him hustling to hold his job to do it too.

The man behind the wicket is a good man if he can make you buy a seat that costs you more than you intended to invest to see that particular "show"—all attractions in a playhouse are "shows" in the parlance, be they opera, comedy or vaudeville. Now, most men think they know what they are going to get when they visit a theater, and they especially have the price fixed in their minds. Perhaps, psychologically speaking, they are stronger minded than the house treasurer. Then they do get what they want, and he never questions it. But the average man is not. The treasurer is trained in ticket selling. It is his daily routine, while it is an occasional act on the man's part. Hence he is fortified for the public, and the latter is not for him, and so when the people step up, especially if it is rather late and there is something of a rush, a clever ticket man can easily get the extra price out of them for a higher selling seat.

How does he do it? Largely by the power of suggestion. He implies that you want it, for instance, when you go up. In other words, he puts the question as to what priced seat by asking you about the higher ones before he mentions the lower ones, and when he does refer to the latter, at your suggestion, he does it rather apologetically. He has the higher rate tickets in his hand, and if you do not take them he reaches to the rack for the others, and all the time the line is waiting, those back of you are scowling, if not making remarks, and every one within earshot of the window knows that you have refused the higher seats for the lower priced ones. This is embarrassing. Especially is it so if a girl is with you, waiting just outside the rail that separates the mob from the line, and the chances are 10 to 1 that you will take the cue, involuntarily, and pay a quarter more, when you had no intention of doing so when you approached the clever man in the box.

That is one way. It doesn't require any falsehood. It does require a good knowledge of human nature. Some men wouldn't "stand for" that. They would be offended, and it might hurt the house. That is for the treasurer to beware. He must "size up" his customers and act accordingly. There is a great gain in time in selling without a chart. A man will then step up and ask for a "good seat" about a certain place. Running through his lists, the seller finds him something very near there, and he is satisfied. That one man is finished in a few seconds. It would take minutes if the sheets were there. Time is important when the orchestra is playing and the curtain about to go up.

Still further, the absence of a chart enables the seller to "dress" his house, provided the sale is light, and to keep out "singles" if it is heavy. "Singles" are seats left alone when the adjoining pairs have been selected from a chart. "Singles" are hard to sell because very few persons attend a theater alone. At most all seats are sold in pairs. A treasurer with a bunch of "singles" on his hands, even with a house threatening to sell out, is "up against it," for often he will lose sales that would have meant capacity but for the fact that he cannot place a couple in adjoining seats, though he may have several odd ones left.

"Dressing" a house is the avoidance of this condition in one sense, but it applies to light houses generally. When a show is not doing well it is up to the box office to make the house look full even though it be only partly sold. He does this by scattering the crowd. Instead of selling a section solid and leaving adjoining sections vacant he sells a few here, a few there, and thus the empty spaces are not concentrated. Men usually dress a house from the center out. They will sell a good part of the center section, scattering, and then will work out on the left and right. This is because seats on the extreme edge of the house are not so good, and people expect them to be vacant except in a heavy house anyhow and do not notice them so soon. He knows his house like a book, and he knows early in the day whether or not he will have a crowd. Hence he acts accordingly.—Kansas City Journal.

When you see a man excessively minded up, now overcoat, now hat, trousers painfully creased, shoes that reflect images of the surroundings; when you see him enter a car, throw the tail of his coat up his back before dropping into a seat, stretch out his legs, jerk up his trousers and begin to clean his nails, it is safe to bet \$1,000,000 he is a successful gambler.—New York Press.



French Republic (Property).
DOES HE GET IT?
 The only Genuine **VICHY** is sold in bottles and NOT in syphons.
 Now Many of You Drink Real Vichy—
VICHY CELESTINS
 If It Is Not Celestins, It Is Not Vichy.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

More Amusing in the Consideration Than the Vichy.

A most perplexing and almost typographical error tried to find its way into the columns of Harper's Weekly. At the time of the union of the Astor, the Tilden and the Lenox libraries I wrote a long and hurried paper of several columns in length concerning the three institutions and their founders. The journal was to go to press early on Saturday, and the article was not finished until very late on Friday night. The messenger boy took it to Franklin square the next morning very early, and by the time of my arrival at the editorial rooms the long, wet galley proofs, unseen as yet by professional proofreaders, were ready for inspection. Printed on different presses and in different rooms, they came down in an irregular way, without sequence, without head or tail. I skipped from paragraph to paragraph, from subject to subject, in a most confusing manner, the printers' devil standing impatiently at my elbow, the typesetters crying for "revise," and all went swimmingly along until I came to the following remarkable sentence: "New York perhaps has never fully realized until this day how greatly it has been enriched by the receipt of the vest buttons of James Lenox."

Why "vest buttons"? I had no recollection of writing anything about Mr. Lenox's vest buttons or about any buttons of any sort belonging to Mr. Lenox or to his library. And I could not remember in the haste of composition what I had written. But I certainly had not mentioned vest buttons, which could in no possibility have any connection with the subject in hand. At last in despair "copy" was sent for, when it was discovered that Mr. Lenox's "vest buttons" were "the vest buttons" of that generous, public-spirited gentleman!

Still I find myself quoted as picking up many "earliest persons," instead of "earliest pennies," as taking a "dog" instead of a "day" out of my vacation; as being possessed of a coach and four and "a gold galleons" instead of "gold galore"; as "alarming from the train" instead of "arriving on the train"; as "arranging myself" instead of "arraying myself" in a golf suit; as driving and putting "gold balls" instead of "gold balls"; as making the cook "garbage" instead of "garbais"; the dish with parsley; as making the dairymaid "charm the butter," when her business was to "churn the butter," and finally as speaking of a friend as being "slightly dead" instead of "slightly deaf."

I can understand the dairymaid as being willing and ready to "charm the butter," but again I ask, Why "vest buttons"?—Laurence Hutton in Critic.

New York Beggars.

Racially the beggar will belong to one of three classes—first, the purely unfortunate; second, the drunken outcast; third, the professional pauper. He of the first class usually is forced by circumstances to follow the line of least resistance into the poorest and cheapest quarter of the town, where he will not be likely to meet with his old time friends and where his misery will find sufficient company to render it unshared, and so his destination will be one of those cheap lodging houses where a warm fire and an unclean bed may be had for 10 cents or less a night. The outcast of the second class is almost without exception brought to his degraded condition through drink, and he takes to the lower Bowery impersonally because it constitutes his natural environment, being where the greatest quantity of rum is sold for the least amount of money and where a free sleep may be had during stormy nights on the rear room floor of a saloon. The professional pauper of the third class goes down the Bowery not because he lives there, for he does not, but because there he finds sundry resorts which cater exclusively to his kind.—Everybody's Magazine.

Think Straight.

It would be impossible for a lawyer to make a reputation in his profession while continually thinking about medicine or engineering. He must think about law and must study and become thoroughly imbued with its principles. It is unscientific to expect to attain excellence or ability enough to gain distinction in any particular line while holding the mind upon and continually contemplating something radically different.—Success.

Pennyroyal Pills

Grasshoppers as a Diet.

In the Philippines the grasshoppers are not only in great numbers, but the size of the insect is large. There are those who make a business of catching the grasshoppers during the best season for them, which is in May, June, July and later. At first the grasshoppers begin to appear in swarms, but of small size. As the grasshopper grows the proportionate increase in size of the swarms are noticeable. At first the crowds of grasshoppers passing overhead seemed something like a lazy atmosphere; after a few weeks growth the clouds of hoppers become dark and heavy. They fly in large numbers and the day is darkened as soon as swarms of hoppers appear in any vicinity. They usually light in the pastures, where they live on the smaller insects, the grass and vegetation in general. When a swarm of full-sized grasshoppers lights on a farm or other productive land the vegetation is almost completely eaten off. In the meantime however, the owner of the land, with his neighbors, have been hard at work catching the grasshoppers.

The mode of catching the grasshoppers in the Philippines is interesting. There are always two or three bell boys stationed in the towers of the big church of each city, town or barrio of the Philippine group, these boys being there for the purpose of sounding the various signal bells. There are certain strikes for funerals, others for births, and at present there are signals for the approach of an army. These boys in the tower keep a sharp lookout for indications of the approach of grasshopper swarms. During the hopper season they are particularly active and announce the approach of the swarms as soon as seen, for the grasshoppers often merely pass over a town, but usually low enough for the natives to catch many of them. As soon as the bell boys see that there are some scattering grasshoppers in the air, as an advance guard to the main body, they sound the proper signals on the bells and hundreds of expert grasshopper catchers, with nets, turn out.

There are several methods used by the natives for catching grasshoppers. The most effective is the net. This is a large butterfly net, arranged with nothing placed over a hoop, and to the latter is fixed a long handle. The native takes this handle, and, with the mouth of the net toward the grasshoppers, he rushes forth, bagging considerable numbers at each run. The grasshoppers always go in swarms, except the advance guard and the stragglers, and if anything occurs to disturb their flight they get confused and tumble into bags readily or fall into the open mouths of nets. They fly so closely that they cannot well escape, as when they turn slightly out of their course they come into contact with others next to them.

The hopper is first so thoroughly dried out in the heat of the sun or in the oven that there is nothing left that is really objectionable, and a nice crispy article of food results. This tastes sweet of itself, and something like ginger biscuits. The natives usually sweeten the grasshopper more by using a sprinkling of brown sugar. Then the confectioners make up grasshoppers with sugar, chocolate trimmings and colored candies in such a way that a very nice tasting piece of confectionery is obtained. The housewife of the Philippines takes considerable delight in placing before you a nice grasshopper pie or cake. The grasshopper pie is the most wonderful dish, as the big hoppers are prepared in such a way that they do not lose their form or any of their parts. Care is taken to keep the grasshoppers intact, and they are artistically arranged on the top crust of the pie, while in the interior are some of the broken hoppers, mixed with special foods. The grasshopper cake has the grasshoppers sprinkled through it, and resembles plum or raisin cake. In some sections of the islands the natives grind the crisp hoppers into a fine powder, and this powder is used for making articles of food, and in some places it is reduced to liquid form and taken as an article of drink.

Another article of food which is relished by the natives is procured by collecting large quantities of moths from the rocks of the mountainous regions. In several spots in the mountains in Panay and other islands of the southern portion of the Philippine group moths exist so thickly that they can be scraped off in buckets by the quart. The moths seem to mass in the crevices and there hang. One could get a barrel of the moths in a very short time. The natives have not failed to investigate the worth of the moth as an article of food, and they use the insect in large quantities. Their mode of catching consists in going to the hills in parties of a dozen or more, with the proper bag and articles for collecting the moths. The scraping process is used in some sections of the island, while in Negros, particularly, I noticed that they adopted a somewhat different scheme. Here they spread a bamboo mat on the ground beneath an overhanging colony of the moths, and then proceed to disturb the insects with the point of spear or piece of bamboo. The little insects lose their hold and drop to the mat. They are slow of action, and before they can crawl away the game is bagged.

The dainty natives will not eat the wings or the head of the little moth, and so they now take steps to remove these objectionable parts. This operation consists in creating heat to such an extent that the tissues in the head and wings become baked and crumble off. The natives accomplish this end by cutting holes in the earth, in which hot lines are burned until the earth is quite hot. Then the hot coals are taken away and the moths are put into the highly-heated openings. The intense heat crisps the head and wings to ashes, so that when removed from the hole and subjected to sifting operation through netting the powdered parts are sifted off, leaving only the body. This process also does away with the legs. London Herald.

A Scottish gillie was invited by the laird to take a pull at his flask after guffing the first fish of the day. "I canna drink out of a bottle," protested the gillie, with a frown of disapproval. "Aweel, try, Sandy," said the laird encouragingly. And Sandy tried—tried so thoroughly that the laird gazed in mingled awe and admiration as the whiskey gurgled and gurgled out of the flask down the swarthy throat, until, with scarce a heel up left in it, the "pocket pistol" was handed back to the owner.

"Hoot, Sandy, maybe ye were richt—maybe ye canna drink out of a bottle," grasped the laird, with a mighty sigh 'but, eh, mon, ye'd soon learn!"—Baby's Magazine.

"So Mr. and Mrs. Jones have quarrelled? Why doesn't she make up?" "She does, dreadfully. That why they quarrelled."—Judge.

The Rich Americans.

The English have, or they often express, an amiable notion of us as enormously rich, and perhaps they think we are vain of our millionaires, and would be flattered by an implication of wealth as common to us all as our varying accent. But it is as hard for some of us to live up to a full pocket as for others to live up to a full brain. It is hard even to meet the expectation that you will know, or know about, our tremendously moneyed people, whose fantastic gorgeousness looms up across the Atlantic from the cliffs of Newport or the millionaire blocks along Fifth avenue. Here, indeed, is a curiosity which you do not have to inspire before you gratify it, for it exists already; while, as to our political affairs, even our military or naval affairs, not to speak of our scientific or literary affairs, the curiosity that you gratify you must first have inspired. The glories of our triumphs over Spain, and our dazzling victories in the Philippines are already tarnished, but the splendid follies of our rich society are always fresh. Travelled Englishmen have come home and told of them, and is it all true?

THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE MOST MONEY.

Their curiosity on the point does not judge them, as might be supposed. The English are very romantic, with a young, lusty appetite for the bizarre and the marvellous, as their taste in fiction evinces; and they need not be condemned as sordid admirers of money because they wish to know the lengths it can go to with the people who seem to be just now making the most money. Their interest in a phenomenon which we ourselves have not every reason to be proud of, is not without justification, as we must allow if we consider, a little, for, if we consider, we must own that our greatest achievement in the last twenty or thirty years has been in the heaping up of riches.

Our magnificent success in that sort really eclipses our successes in every other, and the average American who comes abroad must be content to shine in the reflected glory of those American who have recently, more than any others, rendered our name illustrious. If we do not like the fact, all we have to do is to set about doing commensurate things in art, in science, in letters, or even in arms. For the present, we have not done them, or at least we are not doing them. The five-hundred-thousand-dollar novel itself is a proof of our pecuniary, rather than our literary, prowess.

THE "POOR RELATION."

It will not quite do to say that the non-millionaire American enjoys in England the interest mixed with commiseration which is the lot of a poor relation of the great among kindly people. That would not be true; and, possibly, in the last analysis, the fact is merely that the name "American" first associated in the English such such associations with riches as the name "South African" awakened before it awakened others more poignant and more personal. Already the South African had begun to rival the American in the popular imagination; as the floor war fades more and more into the past, the time may come when we shall be confusedly welcomed as "Africans" or "South Americans."—W. D. Howells.

How to Be Slender.

How to become slender! Let the maiden inclined to embonpoint follow this advice, and her form should become willowy as she could wish. Rise early and take a cold bath, rubbing vigorously afterwards with a coarse towel or flesh brush. Take a cupful of water before breakfast. Take one small cup of tea at breakfast, some dry toast, boiled fish or a small cutlet, and a baked apple or a little fruit. At dinner, which should be at mid-day, take white fish or meat, dry toast or stale bread, vegetables or fruit, either fresh or stewed; for supper, toast, salad, fruit, and six ounces of water. Hot water with lemon juice in it is also good for supper. When you have followed all these rules, and find yourself fatty-like in proportion, then you may begin to contemplate smart clothes such as only the slender can wear.

Bag Shower for a Bride.

A bag shower was lately given to a prospective bride. There were bags of every hue and for every imaginable use. One designed to carry an opera glass was made of white velvet covered with a network of gold threads, a mock turquoises surrounded by infinitesimal pearls at each of their intersections. Everything was tied up in paper bags, and from the outside none could guess what was within. A dainty little jewel bag came hidden in a pin sack. A pretty pillow case and a blue-cushion cover also came under the head of "bags."—Washington Times.

Grimly humorous is the tale of the grave-digger who complained that he did not get constant work. "But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in the duties of the office you would soon bury the whole parish."

"That might be, sir, but how am I to keep a wife and family unless I get regular work?" Deed, sir, a' haveva buried a leevin' soul for the last six weeks."

Harder still was the case of another grave-digger, who was asked to reduce his fee for digging a grave because, "Mind ye, James, she was an auld woman and was sair spent."

President Elliot of Harvard recently visited a hotel in New York, and when he left the dining-room the colored man in charge of the hats picked up his tile without hesitation and handed it to him.

"How did you know that was my hat when you have a hundred there?" asked Mr. Elliot.

"I didn't know it, sah," said the Negro. "Didn't know it was mine? Then why did you give it to me?"

"Because you gave it to me, sah,"—Collier's Weekly.

At 11:45 p. m.—It was hard to part. Good-by, he murmured.

Good-by, faltered she. Still he lingered.

Good-by, finally he said. Good-by, whispered the maid. Then a voice floated down the stairs. Cut out that Patti farewell business, it commanded, and the young man straightway cut.—Houston Chronicle.

They were seated at the supper table. "Say, ma," queried little Bobby "what a miser!"

"A miser, my dear," said his diplomatic mother, as she glanced across the table at her husband. "Is a man who thinks that his wife's hair should not cost any more than his own."—Chicago News.

A Summer's "Pleasuring".

Mary Makepeace sat down in her favorite chair in her own room, and threw her head back with a long sigh. "No words can tell how glad I am that I've made my last visit for the summer," she said. "Now I shall have some peace, not to mention pleasure."

"My dear," said her mother, reproachfully. "I mean it," returned Mary. "Of course I like change of scene, but I am tired of adapting my whole life to others, as I am expected to do as a welcome guest."

"My dear!" said her mother again. "Think how kind everybody has been to you!"

"They meant to be—they were kind," Mary said, wearily; "yet I feel as if I had barely escaped with my life, and you will admit that is not just the right kind of after-feeling."

"Let me tell you, mother," Mary continued. "At the Fosters' I changed my hours for rising, for retiring and for eating my meals. At the Lanes' I changed father's politics—for of course I haven't any of my own—to please Mr. Lane, and I had all I could do to keep from changing my religion to please Mrs. Lane."

"At the Jenkins' I changed all my views about what constitutes diversion to suit the family in general. At the Pages' I entirely changed my point of view concerning music and books. And at the Nevins', where I was ill, I changed my doctor, and took stuff which I felt sure would poison me, just to please them."

"I ate cheese, which I abhor, and gave up fruit, which I like, at the Elks'. I slept with closed windows at Great-Aunt Maria's because she is afraid of a breath of air, and drank twenty-one pints of hot water the four days I was at Cousin Thomas' to flush my system."

"No," said Mary in a firm voice. "I pay no more visits for months to come. Home-keeping youth may have homely wit, but if I go about much more I shall not have any wits at all."—Youth's Companion.

Step Savers.

A convenience is a strong, light table that can be easily moved about wherever needed.

Sheet zinc, laid over edges and tacked firmly in place, makes a table covering that is easily cleaned and is not injured by hot cooking vessels, which may be removed from the fire to such a table.

A pantry cupboard may hold flour and meal chests, extracts, spices, sugar, salt, baking-powder, soda, raisins, rolling-pin, bowls, molds, and all measuring and mixing dishes and spoons.

One trip to the refrigerator or cellar for butter, lard, milk and eggs, and one's baking is accomplished with fewest possible steps.

All cupboards should be kept dry and free from dust and crumbs. In cleaning them, use clean cloth, clear, warm water, in which is dissolved a spoonful of borax or soda. After thoroughly drying your cupboards will not have that fingerling musty odor that often follows the use of soap.

Odors.

Mr. Upmore—If you haven't decided where you will spend the winter, I can recommend the Bermuda Islands. I have had two delightful winters there.

Mr. Gaswell—I've thought of that, but my wife objects. She says she can't stand the smell of onions. She wants to go to the Isle of Pines, or something like that.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. W. W. Keen, the Philadelphia surgeon, has a number of scrap-books filled with anecdotes about physicians. These anecdotes are odd, from the fact that they all throw upon physicians a most unflattering light. To illustrate their character, Dr. Keen quoted one of them recently.

"A physician was driving through the street," he said. A friend stopped him.

"Doctor," said the friend anxiously, "have you heard that horrible story about William?"

"No," said the doctor. "What story is that?"

"A story to the effect that he was buried alive."

"Buried alive?" said the doctor. "Impossible. He was one of my patients."

Bragg—Yes, sir, I've decided to have a long talk with the boss and tell him just what I think.

Nagg—Is it possible?

Bragg—Why, don't you believe I've got the nerve to tell him what I think?

Nagg—Oh, yes, but if you tell him just what you think, now are you going to have a long talk?—Philadelphia Press.

"Yes," said Slyman, "I've been away for a week, down at Swell Beach."

"Ah! I suppose you got a little change for the better?"

"You bet. My hotel bill amounted to \$31.50, and I paid for it with a counterfeit \$50 note."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I reckon you won't believe," remarked Farmer Hayrix, "but that old rooster which just crowed is more'n twenty years old."

"Oh, I believe it all right enough," replied the summer boarder, "and I am also willing to believe that the old hen we had for dinner was his grand-mother."—Grand Rapids Herald.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she cannot be, for they make her feel like a different person, at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too. Carter's Little Liver Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest.

A small, fat sheep will always bring a better price than a large, poor one.

Elly's Liquid Green Balm is an old friend in a new form. It is prepared for the benefit of sufferers from nasal catarrh who are used to an atomizer in spraying the diseased membranes. All the healing and soothing properties of Green Balm are retained in the new preparation. It does not dry up the secretions. Price, including spraying tube, 75 cents. At your druggist's, or My Brothers 86 Warren Street, New York, will mail it.

A new tribe was recently discovered in India in which contagious diseases are combated by killing those who are attacked.

If headache is misery, what is Carter's Little Liver Pills if they positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

As a rule it is not profitable to keep hens over two years.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too late eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Dyspepsia is one of the requirements in the production of the finest wool.

Women's Dep't.

Two Allied Reforms.

Woman Suffrage and International Peace: These two reforms are natural allies, and should so be regarded. Louis Napoleon, in his earlier years, before he became possessed with the devil of Imperialism, commending his cause to the French people, once used the memorable phrase, "La République est la paix."—The Republic is peace. But alas! there was no genuine republic in France. There can be none anywhere, so long as one half of the citizens are excluded from participation in making the laws. Accordingly the French people were unable to keep the peace. Our own so-called republic, notwithstanding its happy remoteness from the field of European controversy, has been involved in four great wars since 1776: one war for each generation. Under our new interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, and profligate military and naval expenditures, we are likely to be engaged hereafter in interminable foreign conflicts, unless we establish the republican principle of impartial suffrage consistently at home.

The three great abiding scourges of the human race are war, pestilence, and famine. Civilization has done much to lessen the latter two, but, as yet, has failed to put an end to human butchery. Every day thousands of innocent men are being forced by their respective governments to murder each other on the plains of Manchuria far from their homes in a quarrel that concerns them not, while their masters sit complacently at ease in luxurious palaces. These brave misguided men are fooled by a false conception of patriotic duty. Tolstoy well says that war will cease when men refuse to kill each other at the command of their rulers.

The greatest obstacle to the establishment of equal suffrage is the inability of the average man or woman to appreciate the good that woman suffrage will accomplish. They say, "Are women wiser than men? Are they better qualified to administer public affairs?" We say "yes" and "no." They are different in character and environment, and that difference needs to be represented. Men stand for agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Women stand for the home, the children, and the family. Now the country is only an aggregation of homes, and politics is only housekeeping on a larger scale. Let the homes and housekeepers be represented.

Why does war continue to decimate the human family? Because women, the mother of men, are unrepresented in government.

When will war cease? When women, the mother of men, have an equal voice and vote in public affairs.—H. B. B.

Believers in Equal Rights Happy Over Outlook.

The New Year opens with bright prospects for the cause of equal rights. The progress that it has made in the minds of thoughtful women the world over was conspicuously shown last summer at the International Council of Women in Berlin. There representatives of the Women's Councils of twenty nations by a unanimous vote endorsed the principle of equal suffrage, and of one moral standard for men and women.

Public opinion in favor of equal rights is growing in every state of the Union. In every direction the old barriers that for ages have hedged women in are crumbling away. And each time that a woman takes a fresh prize or is admitted to a new occupation, each time the bars are taken down, in the church, in education, in industry or in the professions, the announcement is welcomed by the press as a triumph of the modern spirit over medievalism. There are still some medieval-minded editors who indulge in sneers and lamentations over each advance, but they are the exceptions, and serve as a text for jokes to the more progressive majority.

Our cause is helped even by the sad and tragic features of the year which are making women think, and wish earnestly for more power in order to put a stop to such iniquities and cruelties. They are also leading thoughtful men to realize more and more the need of having the motherly and humane elements adequately represented in the government of the world.

All suffragists are rejoicing over the signal victory achieved in regards to the Statehood Bill. In consequence of the women's widespread protests, the clause has been stricken out that mentioned sex as a political disability to be properly ranked with illiteracy, imbecility, lunacy and crime. Verily "The world do move." And next year it will have moved on still farther.—Alice Stone Blackwell.

How Can Men so Delude Themselves.

Is it not strange that men who look upon suffrage for themselves above all price, and the denial of it the most severe punishment, think nothing of denying it to women? They even go so far as to make women the butt of ridicule who happen to be brave enough to express a desire for this right of citizenship, which is freely given to the most ignorant foreign man who comes to our shores.

How can men delude themselves in believing that what is ignominiously unbearable for them is honor and glory for women. We have become so accustomed to this inconsistency that we think no more of it than the Chinese do of binding the feet of their girl babies.

Here we have an educated, moral, law-abiding, tax-paying class of people who are deeply interested in all that pertains to the welfare of their country, and are equally affected with the men by good or bad government, denied all voice in its affairs, and all this under a form of government that has for its battle cry, "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Can any one conceive of a greater inconsistency?

Elmira Monroe Babcock.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSTON'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winston's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the faeces, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winston's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winston's Soothing Syrup."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

During 1905

Beginning about January 1st, the New England Farmer, Brattleboro, Vt., will publish a series of "150 Special Contributions" on "The Chief Needs of New England Agriculture." These contributions are now being prepared by the 150 New England men most eminent in agricultural work and thought. Men who have themselves found the way to success and who are therefore competent to point the way for others. Their views and deductions will necessarily be varied and will cover every branch of this mighty industry, and furnish the knowledge which busy farmers need to put them into the way of success. In combination these contributions will make an unsurpassed course of practical instruction. They will be the condensed conclusions of the searchings of superior minds. They will show how to make certain a substantial increase of happiness and prosperity. Among the well known gentlemen who will write one or more articles for the series may be mentioned:

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PROF. GIFFORD PINCHOFF, Chief of Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

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